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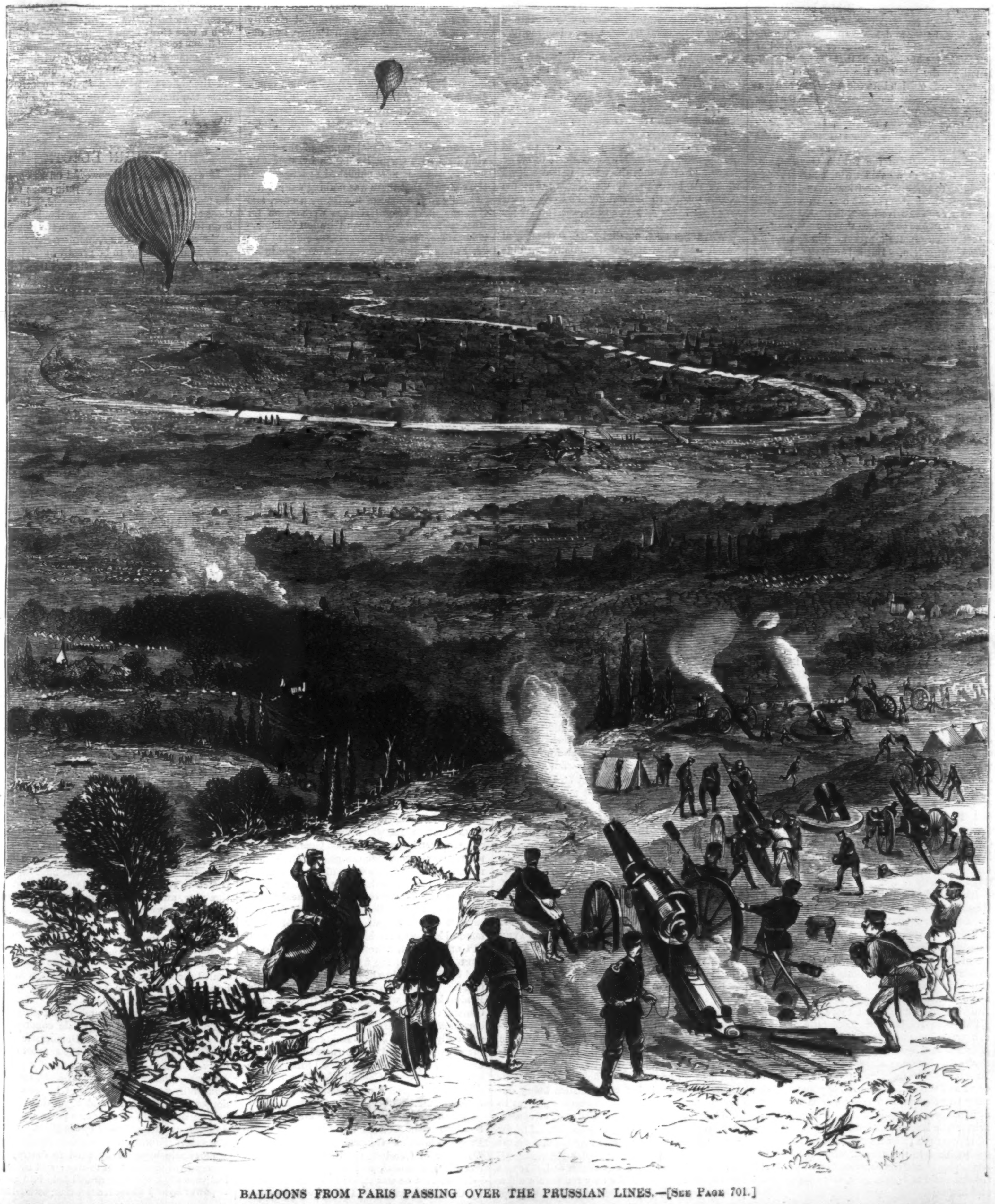


BALLOONS FROM PARIS PASSING OVER THE PRUSSIAN LINES.—[See Page 701.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

JOHN TO JONATHAN.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES has been welcomed in this country as few Englishmen would be, and his address in Boston was a manly and simple statement of the feelings toward us and our late war of the Englishmen who were our friends. What Mr. HUGHES said does not materially differ from the speech of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH at Ithaca last year, except that the latter claimed rather more good feeling upon the part of the chief members of the English ministry than Mr. HUGHES. But they both agree that the great popular feeling in England was strongly with us, and that the action of the Government, however hasty and negligent it may seem to us, was first taken at the instance of our friends, and was so far from satisfying our enemies that the rebels cut off intercourse with England, and expelled the British consuls from their towns. Mr. HUGHES admits that it would have been better to delay the issue of the proclamation of neutrality until after the arrival of our minister; but he thinks that the haste is palliated by the fact that the question of privateers, and of collision between American and English vessels, arose simultaneously with the issue of the President's blockade proclamation.

But the stress that we lay upon the Queen's neutrality proclamation is not so much upon the fact as upon the circumstances, as showing the spirit and feeling of the British Government. It was the act of a cabinet which Mr. HUGHES is willing to admit was not friendly, and the declarations of members of the cabinet, with their needless and offensive haste, indicated that the Government had prejudged the case against us—a fact which creates a presumption against its subsequent action. But it is certainly not fair to forget that the same ministry opposed in Parliament the efforts of GREGORY and his friends at intervention, and declined absolutely the proposition of LOUIS NAPOLEON to the same end. This point, however, of unfriendliness in the issue of the Queen's proclamation is not susceptible of definite settlement. It will be determined by feeling, but to every statesman it must still be an important consideration. Mr. SEWARD's statements upon the subject were undoubtedly made without full knowledge or consideration of the facts, and we must be content upon both sides to have our own opinion. The American opinion is that the British cabinet thought that the Union would be destroyed, and were not very sorry, and acted accordingly.

Upon the escape of the *Alabama* Mr. HUGHES very wisely refrains from a general discussion, which could lead to no beneficial result. He was the first man in Parliament to urge open arbitration upon the British Government. He concedes that that Government has surrendered its old position as untenable; and in accepting the terms proposed by the United States, and in professing willingness to discuss the changes in public law which late events have suggested, he thinks that the British Government has done all that we can honorably ask. It is universally agreed that where there is a serious difference between two nations, there are but two practicable methods of settlement—war and arbitration. But in this case the arbitration should interpret—that is to say, should make—international law upon the subject of recognition. Since belligerency, according to British authority, is a fact, is it wise to leave the determination of the fact wholly to every state, or shall the great powers of Christendom agree upon certain preliminary conditions which should plainly exist? The vital international question is, Ought the precedents set by Great Britain during our war to be accepted or condemned as a part of the code of nations? The question between America and England is, Will England pay for the losses inflicted by the privateers that escaped, or which were hospitably entertained? The last is all that we can demand as a nation; but the settlement of the first is essential to the restoration of friendly feeling between the countries.

"Shall it be love or hate, John?" asked Mr. HUGHES, quoting LOWELL; and to his earnest and noble appeal for mutual friendliness and intelligence every honorable American heart will unreservedly respond. Indeed, the great service of the presence and plain speech in this country of men like THOMAS HUGHES and GOLDWIN SMITH is the revelation that they make of the fact, which it is fully time that America understood, that there are two Englands—the England of aristocratic and narrow tradition, and the England of the most generous intelligence and cosmopolitan sympathy. In the same sense, also, there are two Americas—the America of the traditions of caste and slavery, and hatred of race, and hostility to progress, and the America of liberty and justice and equal rights. During the war aristocratic England and aristocratic America—which was the rebel chiefs and their abettors—sympathized to the utmost, while the England of the people and the America of nationality, of freedom, and of equal rights, also clasped hands and hearts.

And now, in the interest of civilization and of human progress, it is the paramount duty of the last two not to relax their grasp. It is their duty to oppose every attempt to foster mutual bitterness of feeling. It is their duty to remember that in settling the difficulties between the countries they are dealing with friends and not with foes, and to seek, therefore, not the humiliation of a rival power, but the clear and honorable and permanent understanding of the two countries which lead the van of well-ordered civilization. This is possible only if undertaken in the spirit of the parting words of THOMAS HUGHES. "When that centenary comes round," he said, speaking of the 4th of July, 1876, "I hope, if I live, to see the great family of English-speaking nations girding the earth with a circle of free and happy communities, in which the angel's message of peace on earth and good-will among men may not still be a mockery and a delusion."

IS GERMANY IMPLACABLE?

THE overthrow of France is so sudden and complete, the total destruction of a great and imposing national prestige is so bewildering, that there is a natural disposition to accuse Germany of peculiar ferocity. Germany, personified in BISMARCK, is denounced as unreasonable, insatiable, and blood-thirsty. It is declared to be devastating France, to be occupying towns and cities by armed hordes, and to be threatening with fire the capital of civilization—the beautiful city. And this is urged against Germany as if she had deliberately refused the opportunity of making reasonable terms of peace and of ending the war. It is a subject which we have already considered; but the accusation is so incessantly and vigorously urged that it is only fair to repeat the simple facts of the case.

When the empire fell by the surrender at Sedan, and a self-appointed committee in Paris proclaimed the republic, M. JULES FAVRE, the Foreign Minister of the Committee, in his first circular denounced the King of Prussia for continuing the impious war which he had said that he waged against the Emperor, who was gone, and then added, that "a shameless peace" was not to be thought of, and that "France yields not one foot of soil, not a stone of a fortress." M. GAMBETTA, the Minister of the Interior, made a still more fiery declaration of a determination to expel the invader. M. KERATRY, the Prefect of Police in Paris, announced that France "prepares to vanquish or die;" and the whole body of ministers called upon the country to rally around the glorious symbol which eighty years before had driven all Europe before the victorious republic. All this certainly indicated a patriotic determination to rid the country of the enemy; but it quite as distinctly said to that enemy, "The terms you will probably offer we repudiate in advance as shameless." But the Provisional Government, while hoping and, indeed, suggesting the mediation of foreign powers, not only made no propositions of its own, but admitted that it was provisional merely, and that its action could not bind France. Meanwhile, the German armies advanced upon Paris. What else could they do? The King had, indeed, said that he fought an Emperor who was now his prisoner; but a nation and its military organization had supported the Emperor, and had made his war their own. When the empire fell they did not say to the King, "This was not our war; let us make peace." But they said, "We mean to wage war more vigorously, to drive you from our soil, and we don't mean to submit to a shameless peace."

There is not a government in the world that would not have done precisely what the Germans did. They pushed steadily forward. But they were plainly willing and anxious to encounter proposals for peace. There is no proof whatever of a cruel or blood-thirsty persistence upon their part. Indeed, M. FAVRE in his official report says, and most truly, that the situation permitted the enemy to throw upon France the responsibility of continuing the struggle. This is a distinct exculpation of Germany of any extraordinary hostile eagerness. And when M. FAVRE asked for an interview looking to peace, although M. BISMARCK showed that M. FAVRE could give no guarantee, which M. FAVRE did not deny, yet the proposal was accepted, and M. FAVRE was conveyed through the German lines.

Unfortunately M. BISMARCK and M. FAVRE differ in their representation of some material points of the interview, which was abortive. The Provisional Government of France denounced the conditions suggested by Prussia as "insolent pretensions;" declared that Paris was exasperated, and would rather "bury herself beneath her ruins." The German Government announced that an armistice being declined, the fate of Paris had become subject to military events. An armistice was, of course, the first condition of any negotiation. And for the necessary grave losses which the delay must inflict upon Prussia the surrender of Strasbourg, Toul, and Phalsbourg was demanded. It was not a severe demand, for they fell within a few days afterward, and the acceptance of the proposition would have saved much suffering. The conversation upon the terms that might subsequently be asked by Germany revealed the hope of acquiring Alsace and Lorraine by the right of conquest. This, certainly, is not an unprecedented nor unexpected demand, nor is it one of which France should too vehemently complain, since it is perfectly well known that if she had been victorious she also would have "rectified her frontier." It seems to us, however, a mistaken demand upon the part of Germany, for reasons that we have hitherto stated.

This, then, is the situation. France, to gratify a grudge and to rectify a frontier, undertakes a causeless war against Germany; and we say France, because whatever the opposition of THIERS upon the ground of want of readiness, there is no question that the war was sustained by the opinion of the country. Meeting reverses, the country apparently acquiesces in a change of government to prosecute the war more vigorously. Unable to stay the enemy, France proposes to treat of peace, declaring in advance that it will not surrender an inch of territory nor a stone of a fortress. Germany, and certainly not unreasonably, insists upon its right to have the most substantial security against a similar assault from France, and defines what the security should be. France rejects the definition with disdain. To those to whom the demand of Prussia seems monstrous her conduct is, of course, rapacious and cruel. But that, under the circumstances, it is monstrous or insolent we do not see, although it seems to us impolitic, because it does not promise peace.

Meanwhile the official report of the interview held with Count BISMARCK by M. JULES FAVRE, which is now published at length, will show clearly that there was nothing unkind nor insulting in the tone of the German offer, and that the most cogent reasons were given for what seemed to the French the most dishonorable propositions. It must also be added that M. FAVRE does not appear to advantage in his own story. The war must proceed; but the passionate denunciation of the Germans because they do not retire from before an enemy who still resists is puerile. By the admitted laws of war which France has always recognized, victorious Prussia may properly demand territory as a condition of peace. It is for France to determine whether, in view of the actual situation, that demand should be resisted at the cost of still farther bloodshed and inconceivable suffering, which to all reasonable apprehension would seem to be utterly fruitless.

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD, whose portrait is upon another page, is already well known in the State of New York, for in every part of it his eloquent and earnest voice has been heard pleading for the principles of the party which has now nominated him for Governor. Although still a young man, he has seen a great deal of service of many kinds, and his tastes and his powers both incline him to a political career. He was born in the city of New York in 1835, and after graduating at Columbia College and studying law he was admitted to the bar. In 1860 a delegate to the Chicago Convention that nominated Mr. LINCOLN for the Presidency, he sustained the good cause throughout that exciting canvass in a series of able and popular speeches, taking rank immediately with the most effective orators of the party. He was selected to carry the electoral vote to Washington, and was soon after elected chairman of the Young Men's Republican Committee of the city.

Soon after Mr. LINCOLN's inauguration Mr. WOODFORD was appointed Assistant-District-Attorney, and was placed in charge of the bureau for the legal prosecution of the many naval captures made by the government; and we have the testimony of the District-Attorney, Mr. DELAFIELD SMITH, which was warmly and generously given immediately upon General WOODFORD's nomination at Saratoga, that Mr. WOODFORD's difficult duties were discharged in the ablest and most satisfactory manner. The charges which have been made by heated partisans against his official fidelity have failed to suggest even a suspicion of Mr. WOODFORD's honorable regard for his duty. In 1862, after M'CLELLAN's disastrous retreat, Mr. WOODFORD enlisted for the war as a private soldier, and was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel before leaving for the front. He served upon the Peninsula, and was afterward transferred to General GILMORE's Southern Department. He commanded the forts upon Morris Island, subsequently acted as Judge-Advocate-General of the department, and was intrusted with the exchange of prisoners. As General SHERMAN approached the coast Colonel WOODFORD sought more active service, and took part in several engagements.

When active hostilities ceased upon the Southern coast Colonel WOODFORD was made Provost-Marshal-General, and first Military Governor of Charleston. In this position his discretion, firmness, and ability were so conspicuous that he was called to be chief of staff by General GILMORE. Later Colonel WOODFORD succeeded General GROVER in command of the city of Savannah. During all his administration he was the most faithful friend of the freedmen, and his rule was confessedly sagacious and effective. In 1865 he resigned, and returned to resume in New York the practice of his profession. In the same year he declined the Republican nomination to the Court of Common Pleas; and in the autumn of 1866, after a thorough and active personal canvass of the State, General WOODFORD was elected Lieutenant-Governor by a majority of fifteen thousand votes. Against his official career only one serious charge has been made by party malice—a charge instantly exposed and exploded.

This is the simple story of the patriotic and spotless public career of General WOODFORD, whom one of the most representative Republican Conventions ever assembled in New York has called to bear the party banner in the present contest. He is now engaged, under the most favorable auspices, in canvassing the State, and has invited his opponent to meet him before the people. That opponent, however, although willing to insult General WOODFORD, as he does in his reply, declines to meet him. But with a firm execution of the laws to protect honest voting, with a wise effort upon the part of the city Republicans to cast their vote in the manner which the Tammany Ring least desires, with the inspiration of the autumn elections, and with the old Republican resolution in the country districts, the State of New York can show its real political sympathy by the election of General WOODFORD.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

IT would take a very powerful microscope to discover the enormous Democratic gains which the October elections were to reveal. Indeed, those elections show a very remarkable Republican tenacity, for it is precisely in the elections of the second year of an Administration that its party strength seems to be usually at the lowest ebb. Differences and disgusts may then be indulged without too serious consequences. But such causes of division seem to have been singularly inoperative in the Republican ranks. No Administration was ever more caustically opposed by its enemies or more firmly and plainly criticised by its friends than that of General GRANT. But the fact revealed by the elections is one of the most gratifying to every friend of the popular system, for it is that the conviction in the public mind that the Administration is honest and faithful is its strongest fortification. The autumn elections are the distinct declaration of the people that the President and his cabinet mean fairly. They do not always do the wisest thing, perhaps, nor always appoint the best man, but they have the honor and real welfare of the country at heart, and therefore they can be trusted.

This is a verdict which must be especially grateful to the President, who came to his office with no particular familiarity with politics or politicians, but with a very sincere resolution to provide an honest and economical conduct of public affairs. How honest and economical it has thus far been is shown by nothing more than by the readiness and eagerness with which the Republican orators and papers turn to the financial condition of the country, proving by the amplest and simplest statement of facts that the public revenues have been faithfully collected and sagaciously expended, while the heavy burden of taxation has been materially lifted. An Administration which has steadily diminished the debt while it has reduced taxation need not fear the most searching criticism, if its attitude at home and abroad has also been honorable and dignified. Indeed, a very serious Republican loss in the elections of this year might have been anticipated without implying a vital distrust of the Administration. The ordinary causes of a declining vote of which we have spoken, with the reaction of feeling that must, of course, follow the accomplishment of reconstruction, the weight of unavoidable taxes, which were sure to be emphasized by Democratic misrepresentation, and differences as to financial systems and measures, might have been expected to reduce very largely the Administration vote, and the actual result of hearty support and sympathy is all the more agreeable.

But we do not forget the other reason which will long continue the Republican ascendency in the country, and that is the profound national distrust of a party which has plainly revealed the quality both of its patriotism and its honesty. The people know that the Democratic party to-day is substantially the same as when it palliated causeless rebellion and derided national loyalty; and the whole country sees to-day government by the Democratic party in the city of New York, and the support of the party in that State for Governor of a gentleman who connives at electoral frauds, and who signs bills which the organs of his own party denounce as infamous, and signs them at the bidding of men whom their own party associates describe as corruptionists of the Ring. Patriotic voters naturally ask why they should assist a party which yesterday tried to destroy the government to control it to-day; and economical voters ask why they should help into greater power a party whose leaders their own friends

publish as shamelessly corrupt. The autumn elections are the beginning of the answer to these questions.

They who have counted upon a rapid dissolution of parties are evidently mistaken. Existing parties can not be dissolved until there is a general conviction that the paramount issues are changed; and the error of some Republicans whose hearts are set upon certain measures and reforms is that in their eagerness they accept a formal and doctrinal view of the situation. If the only question of importance, for instance, were the method of taxation, the parties might fall to pieces. But the very fact of their steady cohesion should suggest that in the public mind there are questions even more important. And this general conviction will increase rather than decline. The real cause of the unbroken party organizations is, that the old issues are not only not renounced by the Democracy, but they are constantly reaffirmed. The chief point in those issues is the amendments and the new colored vote. The elections show that that vote is, as it should be, a unit for the Republican party. But this fact will not win the Democratic party to acquiescence in the validity of the amendments, but will merely imbitter its hostility. To insist that the whole subject of reconstruction, therefore, is a settled issue is to accept a theory for a fact. The country has not done so, and the country is right.

Now let us put New York, where it belongs, in the Republican line of equality and progress, and we shall show the enemy at the polls, as we used to show him in the field, that our intention is to fight it out upon the line of his unconditional surrender.

ROBERT E. LEE.

Robert E. Lee was undoubtedly an amiable man and a good soldier. But his career, in that part of it which concerns the whole country, was an illustration of an apparently fatal weakness of character. He was bred to the army, and served as an engineer in Mexico with great distinction, and subsequently in a cavalry command. Upon the fall of Sumter, the first time that the flag of his country had been fired upon with doubtful result, he resigned his commission, on the 20th of April, 1861, saying that except in defense of his native State he hoped never again to draw his sword. Despite this hope, however, he went immediately to Richmond, where, two days afterward, he was appointed General of the Virginia troops, and on the 10th of May Major-General of the rebel army. From that time he was the most popular man in the Confederacy. He was passionately extolled by his Southern associates, and the Copperhead papers in the North were never weary of applauding the "great captain" and "the Christian gentleman."

His military skill was conceded by his ablest opponents. But he kept himself carefully aloof from politics, confining himself closely to his military duties. It will not, however, be forgotten that the suffering of the Union prisoners at Belle Isle was almost visible from his headquarters in Richmond, and that the tortures of Andersonville were not stopped by him, nor, so far as we are aware, condemned. Personally courteous, and in the field honorably considerate of friend and foe, his indifference to the fate of the Union prisoners may have been due to incredulity, or to a feeling that he was not responsible. Indeed, notwithstanding that he passed immediately from the national army to that of the rebels, his interest in the rebellion seems to have been reluctant and *ex officio*. Trained in the sophistry of State sovereignty he thought it his duty "to go with his State," but saw no reason that his State should go. His services being required by the authority to which he thought them due, he performed the tasks allotted him as well as he could. "I recognize no necessity for this state of things," he wrote, and with a fatal inability to perceive, what he yet seems always to have vaguely felt, the consequent immorality of his position, he continued to conduct the operations of a war which seemed to him needless.

If that war had been in defense of his country, if it had been a rising against intolerable oppression, if its object had been to assert and maintain threatened freedom, his obedience to such an authority would have been commendable. But it was a war to destroy a nation, and instead of a rising against oppression, it was an effort to overthrow a great government, solely because it seemed to favor lawful liberty. To such a cause he gave his sword, because he thought that Virginia had a right to command it! Was his moral judgment, was his manhood, subject to his State? A man may be amiable, courteous, and refined, a brave and skillful soldier, unselfish, and modest, but if in the crucial moment of his life he consents to fight in a war of which he sees no necessity, and the malign purpose of which is but too plain, he consents to cloud his name forever as that of an amiable man whose weakness is virtual crime. It is in vain that we say General Lee thought that he ought to go with his State, for no man whom history can respect thinks that he ought to go with his State or with his country for an ignoble purpose. If he did not see that purpose to be ignoble, his confusion is only the more evident; for he was then ignorant of what was known to every man, and of what had been loudly and widely declared by the second officer of the Government which he obeyed.

From the day that he surrendered and his cause was lost General Lee lived quietly withdrawn from the public eye. Apparently regarding events as a soldier and not as a politician, he did not think it honorable to try to thwart the results of a victory which he had vainly sought to prevent. His personal generosity and kindliness, and the modesty of his retirement, had greatly softened public feeling, and he has been regarded with the pity that always attends sincere self-sophistication. But in the warmest eulogies that have been made of him, however, there is a tone of conscious apology. He was in no sense a great man, but he may be called truly unfortunate. His name will be remembered as that of a chief leader of one of the worst causes in history, yet a weak man, called to deal with events which he could neither clearly comprehend nor control.

POLITICS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Our friends in other States who sometimes see the New York papers may not exactly understand their references to the political situation of the city, which we will briefly describe, so that they will see why it may probably be the duty of every sincere Republican to vote against what will be called the regular Republican city ticket at the November election.

Tammany Hall, which absolutely controls the city by the most notoriously criminal means, and which, under popular forms, has annihilated popular government, justly excites the anxious apprehension of all good citizens. Unless its power can be broken the most disastrous results and the most desperate civil convulsions are sure to come. Tammany Hall governs by terrorism and corruption. It relies upon cheating at the polls. Persons hold offices in its pay with the understanding that they are to lead gangs of repeaters at the polls. And no free people can long tolerate such a system, when its character is exposed, as that of Tammany now is.

The first duty of every voter, therefore, who means well to the public peace and to intelligent popular government, should be the overthrow of Tammany. If the whole opposition to its rule in the city were united, the result would be either its destruction or a formidable opposition party which would hold it in check. The first object of Tammany, therefore, is to divide those who are opposed to it, that it may the more easily prevail. For this purpose it holds under its control certain persons who have been and still are professedly Republicans. These persons procure places upon Republican committees and in Republican conventions, and, so far as they can, they direct the action of those bodies as Tammany dictates. There is, further, a certain number of Democrats who, for various reasons, wish to break the power of the Tammany Ring. Some of them, as experience shows, merely "hold out for a trade." They are presently bought up by Tammany and are silent. But others steadily maintain hostility, and are organized into a party.

In the approaching city election Tammany wishes, of course, that the anti-Tammany Democracy shall have a ticket and that there shall be also a Republican ticket, in order that the opposition vote to Tammany may be divided. It is its hope that the Republican voters who are not familiar with the details of politics will vote for Republican candidates, if they are in the field, rather than for any kind of Democrats. Tammany has therefore directed its agents in the Republican party to procure the nomination of such a ticket, that the Republican vote may not combine with the anti-Tammany Democrats. If this plan should succeed, therefore, every man who votes the Tammany Republican ticket votes to sustain the Tammany Ring, while every man who votes the Democratic anti-Tammany ticket, votes to destroy the Ring.

Whether it would be practicable afterward to form a harmonious party from the elements of opposition to the Tammany tyranny is not the question. It is enough that it is possible to form an efficient force now to deal with the actual situation. When the pressing present evil is removed we can consider how to dispose of the next. A wise and honest man does the best that the circumstances allow. The Republican who votes for the anti-Tammany candidates, for instance, to break the Ring in the city of New York, neither approves the past actions nor adopts the present general political principles of many who are known as anti-Tammany Democrats.

Nor is it necessary for Republicans to make any bargain, which in politics is always a very uncertain transaction. If the papers of the party and all those friendly to honest government will make it plain to the voters of the party that the object is the overthrow of Tammany, that alone will be accepted as a sufficient reason for supporting the anti-Tammany ticket. Indeed, it is the only manner in which the grasp of Tammany can be peacefully relaxed, and that result would be an immense relief for the whole country.

Last winter the sympathy and support of the Republicans were asked for the anti-Tammany movement, which was avowed to be a movement for the defeat of the Republican party at large, and the appeal, of course, failed. As we said at that time, if Democratic candidates of any kind are supported there is danger that a change would be only a change of masters. But when a situation is intolerable we must do what we can. The fear that another Democratic Ring might be no improvement is no reason for not trying to break the present one. And if the Republican nominations should be dictated by Tammany Hall, as now seems inevitable, it will be the duty, as we said, of the Republicans to decline to support the ticket.

NOTES.

The retirement of Secretary Cox from the cabinet will be deeply regretted by all who have watched his wise and faithful efforts to secure intelligent efficiency in the service of the government. Mr. Cox believes, with many of the most thoughtful and practical of his fellow-citizens, that the purification and elevation of the civil service system, or the establishment of the details of administration upon sound business principles—making honesty, industry, and efficiency, and not "skill in politics," the tenure of office—will tend directly to withstand the enormous incapacity and corruption which are the natural fruits of the patronage of our present system. It is unfortunate that the two members of the first cabinet of President Grant who were most conspicuously associated with administrative reform should have left office apparently in consequence of the pressure of those who believe that the civil service of the country should be organized upon the lowest party considerations. The names of Senators Chandler and Cameron, which are prominently mentioned in connection with the retirement of Secretary Cox, may probably be accepted as illustrations of the kind of influence which has deprived the country of the services of two of the ablest and most valuable advisers that any President has had—Judge Hoar and General Cox. That the interests of a great party like the Republican are safer with gentlemen like the Senators than with leaders like the late members of the cabinet we do not believe.

Mr. Tweed's Mr. Hoffman's proclamation as Mayor of New York virtually protecting the notorious naturalization frauds, his signature of the Erie bill as Governor, making what his own party papers called an "infamous" and "indefensible" bill law, and his appointments of Supreme Judges for the general term, are acts as important as they are iniquitous; but his method of declining General Woodford's invitation to discuss political issues together is one of the very smallest acts of which a Governor could be guilty. In a perfectly courteous note General Woodford invites the Governor to discuss the issues of the election with him before the people. Mr. Hoffman when a candidate had done the same thing, inviting Mr. Fenton, whom he knew not to be an orator, to meet him in debate. But after retaining General Woodford's note for a day, the Governor, either not knowing or deliberately disregarding the conduct that is always expected of gentlemen, instead of himself accepting or declining with equal courtesy, directs his secretary to write a refusal. That person obeys by writing a note sneering at General Woodford as "merely a candidate for office." If Mr. Hoffman, however, thinks that a Governor may disdain to meet a mere candidate upon the platform, he will find that he must still meet him at the polls.

The friends of Woman Suffrage, who seem to us sadly to cheapen the cause by the attempt to ask the aid of any party convention that will listen, have at least had in Massachusetts a very distinct revelation of the direction in which they are to look for sympathy. The Republican Convention courteously received and candidly discussed their proposition, and gave it a very significant vote. The Democratic Convention laughed it down. The friends of the cause ought to reflect that their position is peculiar. They are not voters, yet their object is to affect voting. But the voters are practically divided into two great parties, the issues of which seem to them more important than the extension of suffrage to women. Until, therefore, there is a sufficient number of voters in one of those parties to whom this is the paramount issue, and whose defection would change the general result, ought not the movement to remain a moral appeal to public opinion?

The latest illustration of "reportorial" rhetoric, or the vernacular upon stilts, we find in the account of an evening party, at which "a groaning table of appetizing viands were convivially discussed," and "Tokay was quaffed with a relish that can only be experienced on occasions of the free flowing of that beverage."

It is very good news that comes from Washington, that the Government of the United States will execute the laws protecting honest voting should any foolish persons undertake to violate them at the approaching election. It is to be regretted that there should be any possibility of an attempt to defend cheating at the polls by force. But after the frank exhortation of the *World* to riot, it would be inexcusable in the Government not to be fully prepared. The talk about bayonets at the polls comes from the repeaters and their organs. Yet it is they alone who make such a spectacle possible.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN FRANCE.

October 8 the garrison of Paris made reconnoissances toward Bondy, Château d'Argenteuil, Neuilly, and Clamart. It is claimed that the French gained important successes. It is also reported that at Montreuil two Prussian guns were dismounted by the fire from the forts. French reports of Prussian disasters before Paris are denied by the Prussians, who claim to hold the same positions they occupied September 19. The Château of St. Cloud was fired by the French batteries during the reconnoissance of the 8th of October, and destroyed.

October 11 the Mobile Guards made a sudden attack on Malmaison, and set fire to the place after a combat in which a number of Prussians were killed.

Another balloon left Paris October 16, bringing news of a battle outside the walls on the previous day, in which 3000 Prussians were killed.

The town of Soissons capitulated on the 15th. Four thousand French prisoners fell into Prussian hands.

The garrison of New Breisach made a successful sortie October 16, killing many Prussians.

On October 17 the French fleet was assembling off Dunkirk. This fact, coupled with the unexpected arrival of a squadron in the North Sea, caused the Germans to again remove the lights, and restore the torpedoes and other obstacles in the Elbe.

It has been arranged that each day three members of the government will visit the forts and redoubts.

All orders given for arms are being rapidly filled. It is the purpose of the government to form an army for offensive purposes, which, when it moves out of the city, shall be thoroughly equipped, and supported by an enormous force of artillery.

A diary of a Parisian, which fell into German hands, represents that but two months' supplies remain in the city, and the only way is to act on the offensive.

M. Jules Favre is acting, *ad interim*, for M. Gambetta, during the latter's absence from Paris. Proceedings had been instituted against Gustave Flourens for an alleged attempt at insurrection against the government.

An engagement took place on Monday, October 10, and was continued the following day, between a detachment of the army of the Crown Prince, under General Von der Tann, and the French Army of the Loire, in which, according to a London telegram, 1000 prisoners and three pieces of cannon were taken from the French, who fled in disorder. The French general's report of the conflict to the Minister of War says that a brigade and several companies of Chasseurs were attacked by a considerable force of Prussians, at Artenay, at 9 A.M., and succeeded in occupying the place. The French were reinforced by five regiments, four battalions, and a battery of eight guns, but, at 3 P.M., they were driven into a forest, which the general in command said he should defend at all hazards. The Prussians outnumbered the French. A Tours dispatch says much indignation is felt there that the French were not properly reinforced, as there were troops at that city, and the battle-field is only three hours' distant by rail. Later accounts state that in this engagement the Papal Zouaves and Gardes Mobiles behaved well, but the regular troops fled at the first fire, many throwing away their arms in their flight. The Prussians opened fire on the town, setting fire to it in many places and burning the railroad station.

On the 7th of October a sortie from Metz was repulsed with great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Another, on the 12th, is reported to have been more successful. The French claim to have burned five villages which sheltered the Prussians, dislodged them from several positions, and cut to pieces four regiments of cavalry. At the same time Marshal Canrobert made a successful sortie on the left bank of the Moselle.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

General La Marmora entered Rome October 11, and immediately issued a proclamation, in which he expressed the hope that the Pope would continue to exercise his rights as head of the Church with perfect freedom, and appeals to all to preserve order.

In reply to a deputation from Rome, who waited upon him at Florence, King Victor Emanuel made a speech, in which he guarantees "liberty to the Church, unity to Italy, and independence to the Pontiff."

Victor Emanuel has published a decree establishing equality among the Romans. The Italian flag at Civita Vecchia has been saluted by the English Commander.

A number of French artists are in London, on the way to New York, where they propose to remain should the war continue. Among them are Gérome, Meissonnier, Rosa Bonheur, Galant, and Saintin.

It is stated that Prince Gortschakoff demands the removal of the prohibition against Russian war vessels in the Black Sea.

Arrangements have been made for the marriage of Princess Louisa, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, with the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyle.

Three thousand Spanish troops have recently arrived at Havana.

A terrible hurricane swept over the island of Cuba October 14, causing severe inundations in many parts of the country. Great damage was done to property, and it is supposed that at least two thousand people were drowned. The hurricane is said to have been the severest that has visited the island within a century.

There was a revolt of the blacks on the Island of Martinique, September 24, when fifty plantations were burned and several whites killed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

President Grant issued a proclamation October 13 warning all persons against engaging in hostile enterprises against any power friendly to the United States, and declaring that in all such cases the law will be rigorously executed.

The importation of cattle from Europe to this country is prohibited, unless the invoice is accompanied by the certificate of a consul that no disease prevails in the country from which they are brought.

A complete statement of the receipts and expenditures of the National Treasury, since 1855, has been prepared by chief clerk Saville, of the Treasury Department, and is now in press.

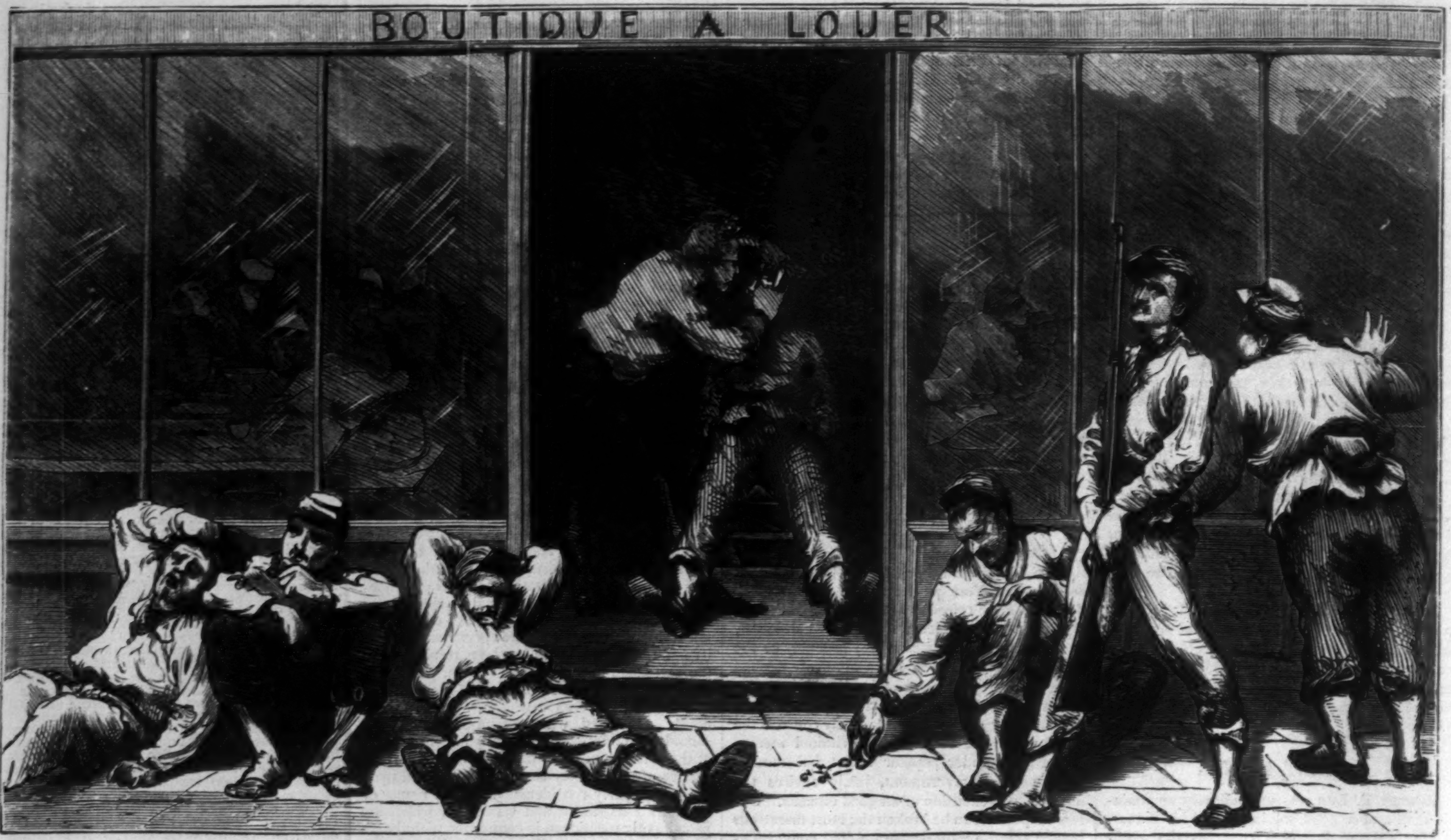
Fifty-one Winnebago Indians were naturalized at St. Paul, Minnesota, October 12.

A man named William Gage has been convicted of murder in the second degree at Mansfield, Ohio, for throwing a train of cars from the track, and thereby killing one man and injuring several others. He was sentenced to the Penitentiary for life.

The special Indian Commissioners at Fort Laramie have recently had a three-days' talk with Red Cloud, Man-afraid-of-his-Horses, Roman Nose, and other prominent chieftains, and think that a permanent peace may be maintained with the powerful tribes of the North.

The Collector of Customs at Pembina has been ordered not to allow the entry of buffalo-skins and peltry from the regions on the Red River where small-pox is prevalent.

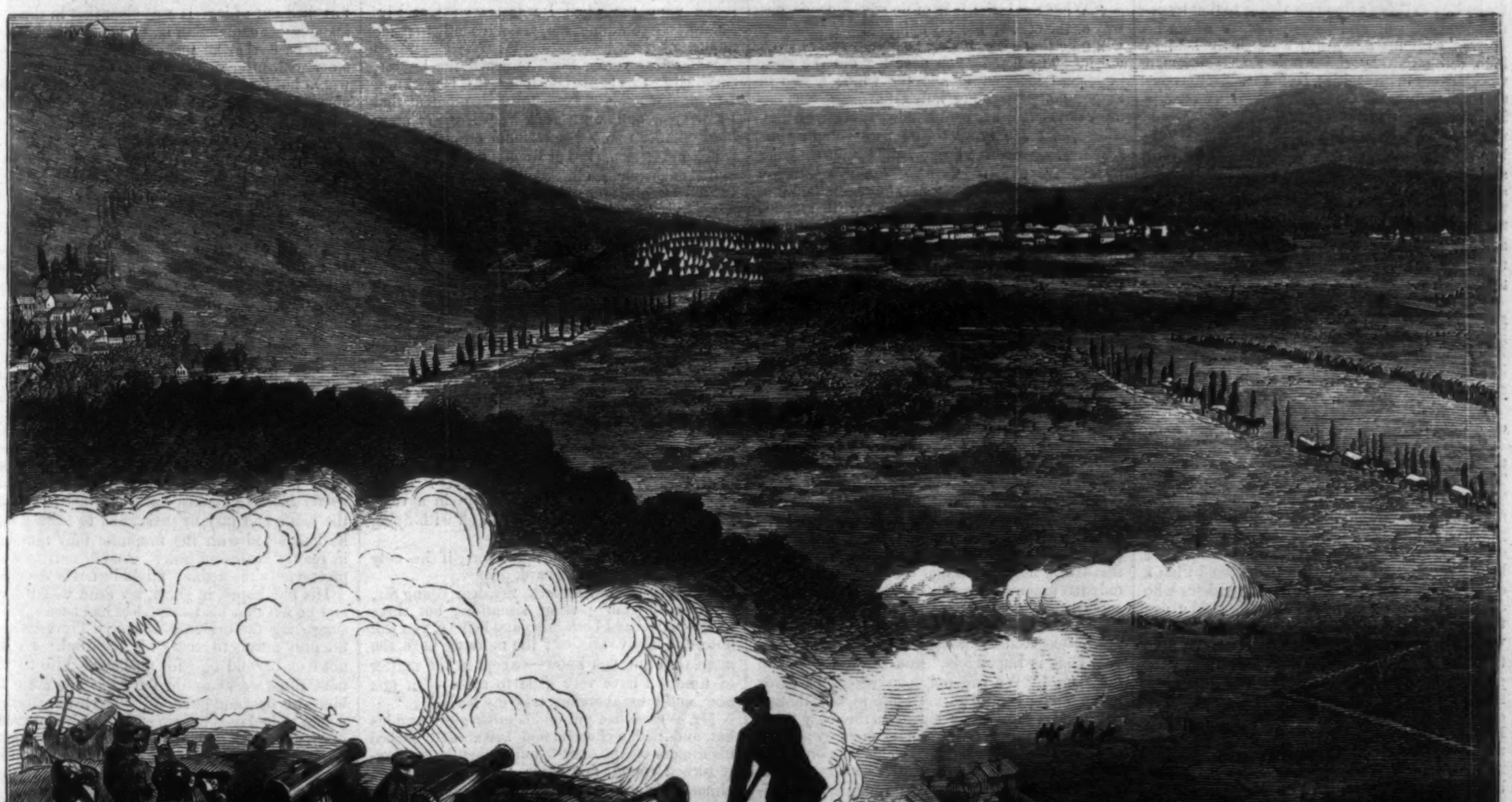
The steamship *Continental*, from Mazatlan, Mexico, for San Francisco, foundered at sea thirty miles off Cape St. Lucas on the 30th of September, and seven passengers and one of the crew were drowned. The steamer encountered a severe gale on the 28th, and on the 29th her fires were put out by the water from a leak. Those lost refused to leave the ship, while all who took to the boats were saved. Her treasure, amounting to $140,000, and the mails, were lost.



SOLDIERS FROM THE PROVINCES IN PARIS.—[See Page 700.]

GENERAL TROCHU AND THE NATIONAL GUARD.—[See Page 700.]

WOUNDED GERMAN SOLDIERS RETURNING HOME.



A PRUSSIAN BATTERY BEFORE METZ.—[See Page 695.]

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."
Special Correspondence.

Here, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead—
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died—
Message or wish, maybe—
Smoothen it out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look! She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet;
That is all. "*Marguerite.*"

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died! But no;
Death will not have it so.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ATTORNEY AND CLIENT.

In a hall of stone stood a room of glass, and in that room the inmates of Cross Key Jail were permitted to have access to their legal advisers. They were not lost sight of by the jealous guardians of the place, one of whom perambulated the hall throughout the interview; but though he could see all that passed, he could hear nothing. Mr. Weasel of Plymouth was very well known at Cross Key as being a frequent visitor to that transparent apartment, and those prisoners whom he favored with his attentions were justly held in high estimation by the warders, as gentlemen who, though in difficulties, had at least some considerable command of ready money. He was waiting now, with his hat on (which he always wore, to increase his very limited stature), in this chamber of audience; and so withered up he looked, and such a sharp, shrunk face he had, that Richard, seeing him in the glass case, might have thought him some dried specimen of humanity, not alive at all, had he not chanced to be in the act of taking snuff; and even that was ghostly too, since it produced the pantomimic action of sneezing without its accompanying sound.

"Mr. Richard Yorke, I believe?" said he, as soon as they were shut up within the walls of glass. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, Sir, though I wish, for your sake, that it happened in another place. You'll excuse my not offering you my hand."

Richard drew back his extended arm and turned crimson.

"Don't be offended, Sir," said the lawyer; "but the fact is, the authorities here don't like it. There are some parties in this place who employ very queer legal advisers; and in shaking hands, a file or a gimlet, and a bit of tobacco, are as likely to pass as not. That warder can see every thing, my dear young Sir; but he can no more hear what we say than he can understand what a couple of bumble-bees are murmuring about who are barred up in a double window. We can therefore converse with one another as much without reserve as we please, or rather"—and here the little man's eyes twinkled significantly—"as *you* please. What I hear from a client in this ridiculous place is never revealed beyond it, except so far as it may serve his interests. If Mr. Dodge (to whose favor, as I understand, I owe this introduction) has told you any thing concerning me, he will, I am sure, have advised you to be quite frank and candid."

"There was no necessity for such a warning, Mr. Weasel, in my case, I do assure you," answered Richard, earnestly. "I have nothing to conceal from you with respect to the circumstances of my position: they are unfortunate, and doubtless very suspicious; but I am as innocent of this disgraceful charge—"

"Hush, hush! my dear Sir; this will never do. It is mere waste of time, though it might have been much worse. Good Heavens! suppose you had been guilty, and told me *that!* you would have placed me in the most embarrassing situation, as your professional adviser, it is possible for the human mind to conceive. What I want to know is *your* story, so far as these two thousand pounds found in your possession are concerned. Whether it is true or not, does not matter a button. I want to know whether it *seems* true; whether it will seem true to a judge and jury. You have thought the matter over, of course; you have gone through it in your own mind from beginning to end—now please to go over it to me."

The little man whipped out a note-book, leaned forward in his chair, and looked all eye and ear, like a terrier watching at a rat-hole.

After a moment's pause, Richard stated his case pretty much as we are already acquainted with it; the little lawyer interrupting him now and then by a gesture, but never by a word, in order that he might set down a point or a memorandum.

"Very good," said Mr. Weasel, when he had quite finished. "That's your story, is it?"

"It's the truth, Sir."

"Hush! my dear young Sir. We shall have enough of that—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—a fortnight hence. What you and I have to consider are the probabilities. Why did you go to Plymouth, more than any other place, to change these notes?"

"Because I had heard there was a Miners' Bank there, and Trevethick had mentioned the notes of that company as being as good, in his opinion, as those of the Bank of England. I thought it would be easier to get the Mining notes in exchange for those of the Bank of England, than others of the same bank."

"The check which you showed this Trevethick was not, then, a *bonâ fide* piece of paper, eh?"

"It was not," said Richard, casting down his eyes.

"Very good," answered the lawyer, so cheerfully that you would have thought his client had cleared himself of the least suspicion upon *that* score, at all events. "Now, where did you get it?"

"My mother sent me a blank check, at my request, and I filled it in."

"That check is destroyed, you say—you burned it, of course?"

"No; I tore it up, and threw it out of the window of the carriage."

"The devil you did!" said Mr. Weasel, in perturbation. "That is not the way to destroy checks. Had your mother an account at the bank on which it was drawn?"

"Of course," said Richard, simply.

"There is nothing 'of course,' Mr. Yorke, in this matter," answered the lawyer, gravely. "Are you quite sure?"

"Quite. She has always had an account there; though to no such amount as two thousand pounds."

"It is a large sum," muttered the lawyer, thoughtfully, "but still they have not lost one penny of it. In case things went against you, Mr. Yorke, would an appeal to the prosecutor be likely to be of service?"

"Certainly not," answered Richard, hastily. "I would not accept mercy at his hands; besides, it is not a question of mercy."

"It may come to that," observed the other, gravely. "We must not deceive ourselves, Mr. Yorke."

"Good Heavens! do you believe, then, that I took this money with intent to steal it?"

"What my belief is is of no consequence, one way or the other; but my opinion is that the jury will take that view, if they hear your story as you tell it. The fact is, you have left out the most important incident of all: the whole case will hinge upon the young lady's having given you these notes with her own hand. It is evident, of course, that she sympathized with you in your scheme," pursued the lawyer, rapidly, and holding up his finger to forbid the protest that was already rising to Richard's lip: "nothing could be more natural, though most imprudent and ill judged, than her behavior. She had no more idea of stealing the money than you had; how should she, since it was in a manner her own, she being her father's sole heiress. You and I see that clearly enough, but to a jury used to mere matters of fact, motive has little significance unless put into action. What we want, and what we must have, is evidence that you got these notes, not only for this girl's sake, but from her fingers. Nobody can hurt *her*, you know. Trevethick could never prosecute his own daughter; indeed, the whole affair dwindles down to a lover's stratagem, and there is no need for prosecuting any body, if we can only put Harry Trevethick into the witness-box. Now can we, Mr. Yorke, or can we not? that's the question."

Richard was silent; the lawyer's argument struck him with its full force. He had no scruples on the matter for his own part, but he feared that Harry might entertain them—they would be only too much in keeping with her credulous and superstitious nature.

"If I could talk to her alone for five minutes," muttered Richard, uneasily.

"That is impossible," said Mr. Weasel, with decision. "We can only play with such cards as we hold. I could go to Gethin myself, though it would be most inconvenient at this busy time, and refresh this young woman's memory; but it is a delicate task, and would be looked upon by the other side with some suspicion. Now, is there no judicious friend that can be thoroughly depended upon—a female friend, if possible, since the affair may require tact and sympathy—to effect this little negotiation? Think, my good Sir, think."

"Why, there is my mother herself!" ejaculated Richard, suddenly. "She is the wisest of women, and the very one to conduct this matter, if properly instructed."

"Is she, now, is she?" said the lawyer, cheerily. "Come, come, that's well, and I begin to see a little light. Let her go down to Gethin, where, as I conclude, she is not known, and see Miss Trevethick herself. I should like to see her beforehand, however; indeed, that is absolutely necessary."

"In my note to her, yesterday, I asked her to call at your office in Plymouth on her way hither," stammered Richard. "I thought it better—that is, in the first instance—that she should hear from you how matters stood."

Mr. Weasel took a copious pinch of snuff, and shut his eyes, as though he were going to sneeze. Whenever a client got upon an embarrassing topic Mr. Weasel took snuff, to obviate the necessity of looking him in the face; while, in case of any compromising disclosure, Mr. Weasel sneezed, to obviate hearing it.

"In a case of this kind, Mr. Yorke, not a moment is to be lost. I should advise your mother's going direct to Gethin from my house, and making sure of this young lady's evidence. There is even a possibility—I don't say it is probable, but there is just a chance, you see—that she may be subpœnaed *by the other side.*"

"Just so," assented Richard, so naïvely that a smile flitted across the little lawyer's face.

"Under these circumstances, then, this is what we will do, my dear young Sir: Mrs. Yorke will go to the *Gethin Castle* as a guest, and, as I shall venture to suggest, under another name; she will then find an opportunity of speaking to Miss Trevethick without awakening her father's suspicions; and when she comes to Cross Key, she will have, I trust, some good news to bring you, something to talk about (although you must be very careful and guarded, mind that, for you will not be left alone together, as we are) besides mere regrets and lamentations; don't you see, don't you see?"

Richard saw exceedingly well, and felt more grateful to the lawyer for devising such an arrangement than he would like to have confessed; nevertheless, he did thank him heartily.

"Not at all, not at all, my dear young Sir," drawing on one of his gloves, in signal of departure. "In a case like this, we must consult feelings as well as array our facts; we must bring heart and head to bear together. Speaking of head reminds me, by-the-by, of the subject of counsel. I propose to instruct Mr. Smoothbore, who leads upon this circuit; I gather from your letter that there will be no difficulty with respect to funds."

"Whatever may be necessary, Mr. Weasel, for my defense will be, you may rest assured, forthcoming. My mother—"

The smile disappeared from the lawyer's face with electrical rapidity. "Pardon me, my young friend," said he; "but as a professional man, I only deal with principals in these matters. The word forthcoming is a little vague. Counsel are paid beforehand, you must remember."

We must not be angry with Mr. Weasel, who was really a good sort of man after his kind. He was naturally cautious, and if he had been the most trustful of mankind his experience would have taught him prudence. He did like to see his money down; and really, as to Mr. Yorke, all he knew of his pecuniary position was with relation to that blank check, the history of which was not of a nature to inspire confidence.

"I was about to observe," said Richard, haughtily, "that my mother would satisfy all claims; but, in the mean time, there were over a hundred pounds in notes and gold which were found upon me when I was searched at Plymouth. If you doubt me, you have only to make inquiries."

"My dear young Sir," returned the lawyer, earnestly, "this is not courteous, this is not kind. I never doubted you from the first moment that I saw you; no one with any knowledge of mankind could do so. Professional etiquette compelled me to remark that I could treat with principals only, that is all. Let me see," added he, consulting his note-book, "have I any thing more to say? Yes, yes. With respect to this young lady, Miss Harry Trevethick—I did not like to interrupt you at the time, but I see I have made a memorandum—is she pretty?"

"She is very, very beautiful," said Richard, earnestly, the remembrance of her beauty giving a tenderness to his tone.

"That's capital!" nodded the lawyer. "Old Bantam is our judge this session, and he likes a pretty face. So do we all, for the matter of that, I hope. You are young and good-looking yourself, too; Smoothbore will make something of *that*, you may depend upon it. 'Gracious Heavens, is the iron arm of the law to sunder these happy lovers for a mere indiscretion, and make their bright young lives a blank forever?' He'll give them something like that, Sir, in a voice broken by emotion, and bring you off with flying colors."

"I don't care about the colors, if he only brings me off," said Richard, grimly.

"A very natural remark, my dear young Sir, for one in your present situation; but three weeks hence, as I both hope and believe, you will not be so easily satisfied; the more we have, the more we want, you know—except in the matter of time. I have very little to spare of it just now, and must therefore take my leave."

Mr. Weasel had put on his other glove and his hat, and, with a cheerful nod, had actually placed his fingers on the door-handle, when he suddenly turned round, and said: "By-the-by, I had almost forgotten a little form of words, which in your case I am sure will be *but* a form, and yet I do not like to omit it. I never leave a client in your position without asking him the question; so you must excuse me, my young friend, and not be offended."

"I am not in a position to be very sensitive about what is said to me," answered Richard, bitterly. "Pray ask whatever you please."

Mr. Weasel looked cautiously round, to see that the warder was not too near, and lowered his voice to a whisper. "Is this little affair your first, my dear young Sir? I mean," added he, "have you ever been in trouble with the law before?"

"Certainly not," replied Richard, smiling.

"I had anticipated your answer," said the little lawyer, gayly; "but I thought it right to make quite certain. Because, if the affair should happen to reach a stage where the question of 'character' is mooted (though it won't get so far as *that*, I trust, in our case), one doesn't like to be taken altogether by surprise, do you see? [illegible] have been a landscape-painter, you say. A mo[illegible] innocent and charming occupation, I am sure, [illegible] one which Smoothbore will make the very mos[illegible] of. The case altogether will afford him such opportunities that he really ought to do it cheap. And you've never been any thing else, have you? never had any other calling, or obtained your livelihood by any other than quite legal and permissible means—eh? What, what? You have not been quite frank and candid with me, my dear Sir, I fear."

"It is really not of much consequence," said Richard, hesitating.

"You must allow me to be the judge of that, Mr. Yorke," said the other, gravely, taking off his hat once more and one of his gloves. "Imagine yourself a good Catholic, if you please, with Father Weasel for your priest."

The confession lasted for some minutes.

"I think you will admit that what I have told you has not much bearing upon the matter in hand," said Richard, when he had finished.

"None at all, none at all—that is, I hope not," answered the other, thoughtfully. "But what an interesting revelation it is! What a nice point as to whether the matter is an offense against the law or not! How prettily Smoothbore would treat the subject, if it chanced to come in his way." He looked at Richard with admiration. "You're a most remarkable young man, Sir; I wish that circumstances permitted of my shaking you by the hand. Good-morning, my dear Sir. You may depend upon my not permitting the grass to grow under my feet. When your mother comes she will have good news for you. Good-morning."

The warder took possession of Richard, while Mr. Weasel, followed by the young man's longing eyes, was ushered to the opposite door, on the other side of which was liberty. But the lawyer's mind was still within the prison walls, though his legs were free, and walking up the street of the little town toward his inn.

"Now, that is really a most remarkable young man," he murmured to himself. "A most ingenious young fellow, upon my word. The idea of his having invented a new crime! Why, bless my heart, it's quite an epoch—quite an epoch!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE IRON CAGE.

So long as Richard had had Mr. Weasel to bear him company, half his troubles—so elastic was his nature, and so apt for social intercourse—seemed to have been removed; but now that that brisk, confident voice was heard no more, and the stone passages only echoed to the tread of the warder and himself, his spirits sank even lower than they had been before. Alone in his comfortless cell, he went over the lawyer's talk anew, and it was strange how the sparks of comfort died out of it. It was clear that in the first instance his companion had taken a gloomy view of his case, that he looked upon Richard's own story with utter disbelief, and was convinced it would not hold water before a jury. His remark about the money having been recovered must have had reference to a possible mitigation of the sentence, and therefore took conviction for granted. Nor, upon reconsideration of the case with calmness—the calm of loneliness and despair—was, Richard himself admitted, any other conclusion to be arrived at by a stranger. Those who were acquainted with his rash and impulsive character and reckless ways would understand that he had no serious intention of robbing Trevethick—except, that is, of his daughter; even Trevethick himself must be aware of that; though, with that same exception before his eyes, it was more than doubtful whether he would acknowledge it. Smarting with the sense of the deceit that Richard had practiced (almost with success) upon him, he might conceal his real impression of the affair, and treat it as a common felony. Taking the brutality of Solomon's manner to him when he was arrested as an index of his prosecutor's purpose, he felt that this was what would happen; and if so, what chance would he have against such evidence? Would the judge and jury be persuaded to believe that he had acted with the romantic folly that had in reality possessed him? And if not, to what protracted wretchedness might he not be doomed!

His old hopes, in short, lay dead within him, and he felt that his late adviser had been right in suggesting the evidence of Harry Trevethick as the only means to secure his acquittal. He did not look beyond *that* for an hour. Life for the next three weeks would have but one event for him—his trial and its result. The little attorney, whom he had seen but once, the suasive barrister, of whom he had only heard, were from henceforth the two persons upon earth who had the most interest for him of all mankind. If *they* failed him, all was lost. If they succeeded, all, or what had now become his all, was gained. He thought of Harry only as the being upon whose testimony his fate depended; he did not picture her to himself in any other character, though perhaps he would have refused to part with her even at the price of that liberty which had become so precious in his eyes. She would surely not refuse to say the half-dozen words which were the "open sesame" that alone could set him free! He thought of his mother, not so much as such—the truest and most unselfish friend he had—as the person best qualified to win Harry over to speak those words. He was no longer ashamed to see her; his heart was so full of anxious fear that there was no room for shame; but he was glad that the lawyer had recommended her to visit Gethin before coming to Cross Key. What he thirsted for was hope, a gleam of sunshine, a whisper of good news. If his mother had not that to give him, let her stay away. He did not wish his heart to be melted within him by regrets and tears; if there was no

hope, let it harden on, till it was as hard as adamant, for the hour, that, however long delayed, must come at last—of vengeance! He thought of Solomon Coe as one of a dominant race thinks of the slave who has become his master, and was his murderer in his heart ten times a day. He thought of him as the man who would marry Trevethick's daughter, his own Harry, while he (Richard) rotted in jail.

Such were the bitter reflections, creeping fears, and meagre hopes which consumed him when he was alone, that is to say, for five-sixths of the day and all the weary night. In the society of Balfour he found, if not solace, at least some respite from his gnawing cares. The importance which this man had attached to the recovery of stolen goods as mitigating the punishment of crime, and to good looks in the case of a female witness or prisoner, corroborated as it had been by the judicial experience of Mr. Weasel, gave him confidence in the convict's intelligence; or, at least, in his judgment with respect to the matter on which Richard's thoughts were solely concentrated. He was never weary of asking this man's opinion on this point and on that of his own case, the details of which he fully confided to him. Balfour, on his part, gave him his best advice, and whatever comfort he could. He did not resent, nor even seem to be aware of the fact, that the position in which he stood himself awoke no corresponding sympathy in Richard. He had taken a fancy to this young fellow, so different from any companion that he had ever known; was flattered by his confidence; and felt that enthusiasm toward him which friendship, when it exists between two persons of widely different grades, sometimes begets in the inferior.

A week passed on, and then, at the same time and place as before, Richard was summoned from his fellow-prisoners. He turned pale in spite of himself, as he rose from the table to meet for the first time, since disgrace had overwhelmed him, his mother's face.

"Don't give way, my young master," whispered Balfour, good-naturedly, "for that will only make the old woman fret."

Richard nodded, and followed the warder, who on this occasion led the way through a different door. "It ain't Mr. Weasel this time," said the latter, in answer to his look of surprise; "it's a private friend, and therefore we can't let you have the glass box." He ushered him into what would have been a stone court-yard, except that it had a roof also of stone. In the middle of this, running right across it, was a sort of cage of iron, or rather a passage some six feet broad, shut in on either side by high iron rails; within this paced an officer of the prison; and on the other side of it stood a female figure, whom Richard at once recognized as his mother. It was with this iron cage between them, and in the presence of an official, that prisoners in Cross Key Jail were alone permitted to receive the visits of their friends and kinsfolk. It was no wonder that in an interview under such restrictions, Mr. Weasel should have recommended caution.

To do Richard justice, however, that was not the reflection that now passed through his mind. For all his selfish thoughts and calculations, he had really yearned to cast himself on his mother's breast, and feel once more her loving arms around him; to whisper in her ever-ready ear his sorrow for the past, his anxieties for the future; and when he saw that this was not to be, the heart that he would have poured out before her seemed to sink and shrink within him. In this material obstacle between them he seemed to behold a type of the dread doom that was impending over him—separation from humanity, exclusion from the world without, a life-long entombment within stone walls. He put his hand and arm through the bars, mechanically, to touch his mother's fingers, and when he found he could not reach them, he burst into tears. It was only by a great effort that Mrs. Yorke could maintain her self-control; but she, nevertheless, did do so. Her face was calm, and her eyes, though full of tenderness and pity, were tearless; only her low, soft voice gave token of the woe within her in its tremulous and faltering tones.

"Dear Richard," it said, "my own dear Richard, take heart; a few days hence, and you will be folded in your mother's arms; not to stray from them again, I trust, my boy, my boy!" She pressed her forehead with its fine white hair against the cruel bars, and seemed to devour him with her loving eyes. "All will yet be well," she continued; "your innocence can not fail to be established, and this dreadful time will be forgotten like an evil dream."

"Have you been to Gethin, mother?"

"Yes, dear; I only came from thence this morning. Harry sent you her best love. Your faith in her, she bade me tell you, is not misplaced; *she will be in the witness-box, for certain.*" This last sentence was uttered in the French tongue, and very rapidly.

"I am very sorry, ma'am," interrupted the official, who had retired to the further extremity of the cage, "but my orders are to prohibit conversation between prisoners and their friends in a foreign language."

"I will take care not to transgress again," said Mrs. Yorke, with a sweet smile; "your consideration for us I am sure demands all obedience."

"Has Mr. Weasel made his arrangements, mother?"

"Yes, all; the subpœna will be sent to Gethin to-morrow. He is most confident as to the result."

"And what does Mr. Smoothbore say? Have you seen *him*?"

"No, dear, no. But the matter on which I went to Gethin having been satisfactorily arranged, we may consider that is all settled. Your counsel has no doubt of being able to establish your innocence, notwithstanding the malice of your enemies."

"But what is he like, this Smoothbore?"

"Well, the fact is, Richard, we have not got him, but another man, Mr. Balais—quite his equal, Mr. Weasel assures me, in all respects."

"Not got him!" cried Richard, impatiently. "Why, Weasel told me Smoothbore led the circuit. Why have we not secured him?"

"He has been retained by the other side," answered Mrs. Yorke, in a tone that she in vain endeavored to render cheerful. "To say the truth, Richard, the prosecutor is exhibiting the utmost vindictiveness, and straining every nerve for a conviction. Money, which he was said to be so fond of, is now no object with him, or at least he spares none. But he can not bribe twelve honest men, nor a righteous judge."

"I knew it," exclaimed Richard, stamping his foot on the stone floor. "Those sullen brutes, Trevethick and the other, would have my life, if they could. There is nothing that they would stick at, be assured of that—and do you put Weasel on his guard—to work my ruin. How could he be such a dolt as to let them be beforehand with him, when he himself said there was not an hour to be lost!"

"Indeed, Richard, all was done for the best. One could scarcely expect Mr. Weasel to advance so large a sum as was required, without security; and he did communicate with Mr. Smoothbore as soon as he had satisfied himself upon that score. He assures me Mr. Balais is quite as clever a counsel. Indeed, I should not have told you of the change, had you not pressed the question so directly."

"Tell me all, mother; tell me every thing; I adjure you to keep nothing back. To think and guess and fear, in a place like this, is worse than not to know the worst. Trevethick is a miser, and yet you say he is spending with a lavish hand. How is it you know that?"

"Why, Mr. Smoothbore's clerk is a friend of Mr. Weasel's, and he hears from him that his master has never received so large a retaining fee as on this occasion. The sum we offered, two days afterward, though larger than is customary, was, he said, but a trifle compared with it."

"You have something else to tell me yet, mother—I see it in your eyes. If you go away with it untold, you leave me on the rack."

"There is nothing more," answered his mother, hesitatingly, "or almost nothing."

"What is it?" cried Richard, hoarsely—"what is it?"

"Well, merely this: that thinking that no money should be spared to help you in this dreadful trouble, Richard, and having but a very little of my own, I—I forgot my pride and steadfast resolution never to ask your father—"

"You did not apply to Carew for money, surely?" ejaculated Richard, angrily. "To let him know that I was here was ruin."

"It may have been ill judged, indeed, dear Richard," replied his mother, quietly; "but it was not ill meant. Do you suppose it cost me nothing to be his suppliant? Do you suppose I have no scorn nor hate, as you have, for those who have wronged me and you? If fury could avail to set you free, your mother would be as the tigress robbed of her young. It is an easy thing enough to fume and foam; it is hard to have to clasp the knees of those whom you despise, in vain."

"He refused you, then—this man?"

"He did, Richard. He told me—what I had not learned from you; I do not say it to reproach you, dear—what it was that had so long detained you at Gethin. He mentioned, in coarsest terms, your love for Harry, and how you had misrepresented yourself to Trevethick as the heir of Crompton in order to win her. He expressed a callous indifference to your present peril, and added something more in menace than in warning respecting that affair with Chandos which caused you to leave his roof. Since it seemed you had made no secret of the matter to Mr. Weasel, I showed him Carew's note; and his opinion is that Trevethick has spies at work to track your past. This may or may not injure you. Mr. Weasel thinks that it will not; but it shows the rancor with which this case is pressed by Trevethick—a malice which we are altogether at a loss to understand."

Richard ground his heel upon the stone without reply, while his mother looked at him in gravest sorrow.

"Your time is almost up, ma'am," said the warder; "there's only a minute more."

"You told her how much depended on her, mother, did you?" said Richard, rousing himself in the effort.

"Yes, dear. She will not fail us, never fear. Keep heart and hope; and as for me, you will be sure that not a moment of my waking thoughts is wasted upon aught but you. I shall see you again, once more at least, before your—before the trial comes on; and Mr. Weasel will be here next week again. Is there any thing, my own dear boy, that I can do for you?"

"One moment, mother. Carew has not punished *you* on my account, I trust? He has not cut off—"

"The annuity? Yes; he has stopped that."

"May he rot on earth, and perish everlastingly!"

"Hush, hush, dear; pray be calm; there is no need to fret. I can support myself without his aid; indeed I can; and perhaps he may relent when he gets sane, for he was like a madman at my coming to Crompton. Mr. Whymper will do all he can, I am sure. How cruel it was of me to heed your words, and tell you— Look to him, warder, look to my son!" she screamed.

Richard had indeed turned deadly pale, and though his fingers still mechanically clutched the iron rail, was swaying to and fro; the warder unlocked the passage-gate, and ran to him just in time to save his falling headlong on the pavement.

"Are you a man," said the agonized woman, "or iron like this"—and she beat against the railing passionately—"that you will not let a mother kiss her son when he is dying?"

"Nay, nay, ma'am; it's not so bad as that," said the warder, good-naturedly; "see, he's a-coming round agen all right. I've seen a many took like that. In half a minute he'll be himself again. It's his trouble as does it, bless you. If you'll take my advice, you'll spare both your son and yourself the pain of parting, and leave him as he is. I'd go bail for it, it's just a faint, that's all."

"Let me kiss him once," implored the unhappy woman. "Oh, man, if you have ever known a mother's love, let me kiss him once! Here is a five-pound note—take it, and leave me still your debtor—but one kiss."

"Nay, ma'am, I can't take your money; of which, as I couldn't help hearing you say, you have not got too much to spare. But you shall kiss your bonnie boy, and welcome;" and with that the stout warder took the unconscious lad up in his arms, and bore him within the passage; and his mother put her lips between the bars and pressed them to his forehead once, twice, thrice.

"There, there, ma'am; that will do," muttered the man, impatiently; "and even that is as much as my place is worth. Now, just tap at yonder door, and they'll let you out."

Mrs. Yorke obeyed him without a word. She had heard the heavy fluttering sigh that betokened Richard's return to consciousness, and knew that the worst was over; unless, indeed, the coming back to life might not be the worst of all.

A PRUSSIAN BATTERY BEFORE METZ.

METZ, which, like Strasbourg, has gained in the present war an excellent reputation for sustaining a severe and prolonged siege, is considered to be one of the strongest fortresses of France. Indeed, it has constantly been declared to be impregnable, and such would seem to be the opinion of the Prussians, as we hear that orders have been given by the King "to avoid further bloodshed, and bide their time," which, remarks a contemporary, signifies starvation. The most contrary reports have been circulated as to the true state of the garrison and inhabitants. The French, quoting the words of soldiers who had escaped through the Prussian lines, say that Metz is still well provisioned, that the inhabitants are in capital spirits, and even that the usual business of the town is still being carried on. The Prussians, on the other hand, have been informed by deserters that the town is in a wretched state, and that the cavalry horses are being killed for food. The French again assert that several balloons dispatched from Metz have been picked up containing letters from officers of BAZAINE's army, all disclaiming the slightest idea of a capitulation. Whether or not these airy messengers were dispatched more with a view of deceiving the enemy than for the purpose of reassuring anxious friends is doubtful, but the former supposition seems far the more likely one.

The illustration on page 693 represents a Prussian battery planted on one of the hills commanding the town.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE builder of a church now in course of construction, when the toast of his health was given, rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

A young man wants to know what business he had better go into that will enable him to occupy a high position in society. Let him try the roofing business. In that trade a smart man will soon get to the top of the ladder.

A rather grim *bon mot* by Bismarck comes to us from a European correspondent. The Count was dining with some friends immediately after the surrender of Strasbourg, and the conversation naturally turned on the war, and the devastation that attended the progress of the victorious armies. One of the guests remarked that France would pay dearly for her wanton attack on Germany. "Oh no," replied the Count, "it will cost her only *two Napoleons.*"

A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her male guests. "Rossini?—indeed I do; he is my favorite composer." "Are you familiar with his 'Barber' [of Seville]?" "Oh dear no," was the reply; "I always shave myself."

"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trowsers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant; "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" rejoined Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the ould pair you've got on."

FRUIT FOR NEWSMEN—Fresh dates.

"Sambo, do you know how to make a hen lay boiled eggs?" said Boggs one day. "No," said Sambo, "I does not." "Why, dat am easy enuff; all you hab to do is to gib de fowl hot water fer to drink, an' dey come out ready fer eatin'."

Smollett tells an anecdote of a half-crazy free-thinker of his day, who, chancing in Rome, stopped one day before a bust of Jupiter, and, bowing low, thus addressed the dethroned idol: "Sir, if you should ever get your head above water again, I hope you will remember that I treated you politely in your adversity."

A MAN OF LETTERS—The penny postman.

A spinster went recently to a well-known lawyer and engaged him to manage a suit for her, in which she claimed a legacy, to which her right was disputed. The suit was lost, and the poor maiden said to the lawyer, "How can I ever repay you for all the time and trouble which you have taken on my account? I have nothing but my heart to give you." "My clerk takes the fees—go to him," answered the lawyer, gruffly.

The heaviest *internal* tax is paid by those who drink bad whisky.

A physician writes asking a renewal of a note which he owes, giving as a reason therefor: "We are in a horrible crisis. There is not a sick man in the district."

A Mr. Gridley, who advertises a tract of land for sale in Georgia, among other recommendations says: "The land is said to be very valuable, but I never could get nearer than half a mile of it, not having any canoe at my command. It is warranted to yield from thirty to forty bushels of bull-frogs to the acre, and alligators enough to fence the entire tract."

An unfortunate listener begs for some one to invent a "noiseless hand-organ."

An Irishwoman, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

THE MAN WHO CARRIES EVERY THING BEFORE HIM—The waiter.

A young man in Louisville is advertised to marry a Breckinridge County belle in the Mammoth Cave. This looks like running matrimony into the ground.

Men don't commit suicide in Memphis. When tired of life they go out and insult some one, and are at once shot dead.

THE BEY STATE—Tunis.

It was a "Lunnon" livery-stable keeper who presented the following bill for the use of a horse:

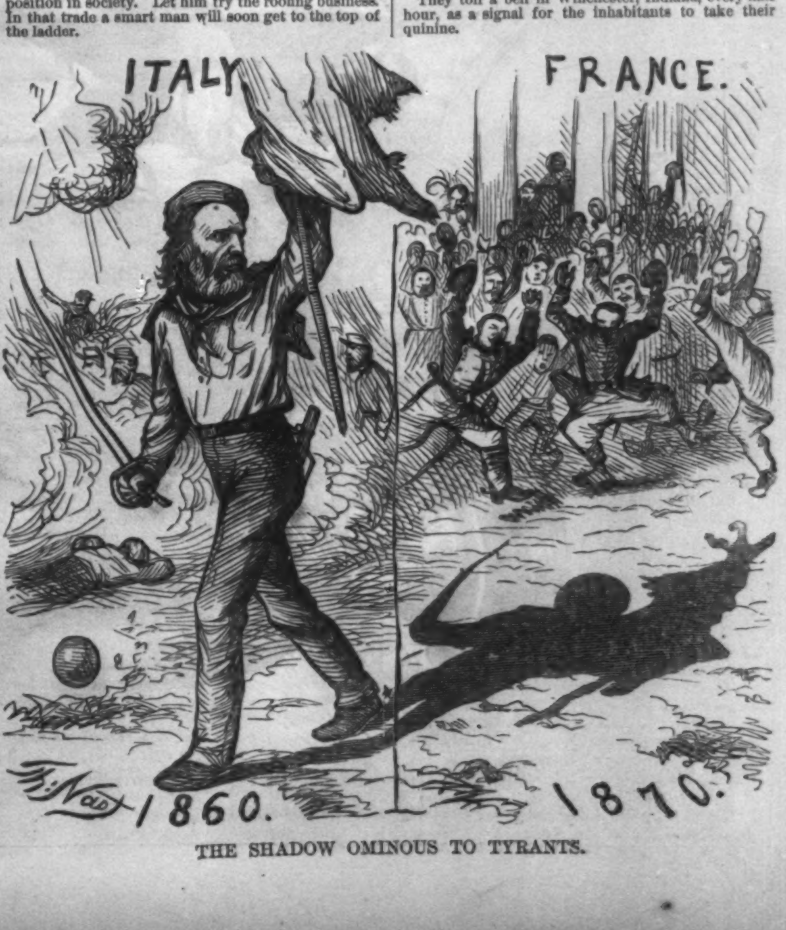
Anos	10s. 0d.
Atakynonymom	00 6
Toatolhofol	10s. 6d.

In which terms he obviously meant to record the charge for "a horse," and for "a taking of him home," likewise the "total of all." Its orthographical peculiarity is owing to the idiom of the country.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed: "Well, I dunno 'bout that. I've blowed my nose a number of times, and never broke it yet."

HOW TO MAKE A HIT—Strike.

They toll a bell in Winchester, Indiana, every half hour, as a signal for the inhabitants to take their quinine.



THE SHADOW OMINOUS TO TYRANTS.

BETTING ON THE FAVORITE.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard, from a Sketch by W. B. Myers.—[See Page 698.]

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

HE CANNOT CALL HIS SOUL HIS OWN.

Th: Nast.

BETTING ON THE FAVORITE.

Our illustration on page 696, given *apropos* to the fall racing season at Jerome Park, represents a scene that must be familiar to all persons who have visited that pleasant resort—a group of sporting men gathered round the jockey who is to ride the favorite. Such a scene presents a splendid opportunity for the study of character, and our artist, as a glance at his spirited picture will show, has not failed to put it to excellent use.

CHANGES.

By Annie Thomas.

"Some are married, some are dead."

We were all young then, or at least we were all very much younger than we are now; and we were a very bright band. A company of veritable citizens of Prague; a corps of the lightest-hearted Bohemians that ever fought its little battle for fame and life in that great seat of war, London; a joyous, poor, industrious, reckless group of young people who were all animated by the hope that "in the days to come" we should distinguish ourselves in our several careers, and win names that might be named with pride.

How we used to play at Endeavor and Straggle, at Conquest and Success, at Disappointment and Defeat, in those bonny, hopeful days! How we used to narrate our experiences, and criticise our compeers, and patronize our betters! How we used to plan and hope and encourage! And, above all, how we used to like one another!

We were not all bound for the same goal. There were very few of us bound together by reminiscences of still earlier days. But though we were brought together by the exigencies of our several vocations, we, for a season or two, resembled the "three musketeers" in being "one for all—all for one."

We were all quartered in and about London at the time of which I write, and I fancy we all thought that civilization ended somewhere about the "artists' quarter" in Kensington, and that there was no other mart for intellect in the world than that in the Strand. We all painted, or wrote, or sang for money—for the daily bread we ate so gayly—for the bright, innocent recreation in which we indulged so freely. We were all, in fact, young and happy and poor.

Place aux dames. Mrs. Meredith was the queen regnant, by universal consent, of our brilliant little coterie. Was she a widow then? I really forget; for her husband had always been such an unimportant item in her existence that people omitted to take down the date of his decease. She had been known to the public before her marriage as a graceful artist and a clever art critic; known to a wide circle of admiring friends as charming Bella Vaughan. When she married she did not sink her individuality, as too many artists do, nor did she suffer her God-given genius to be submerged in the ocean of domesticity. She drew as correctly, and colored as beautifully, and wrote about the drawing and coloring of others as cleverly as ever. But she worked harder as Mrs. Meredith than she had ever done as Bella Vaughan, and so was not quite so frequently seen at the opera and in the saloons of titled patronesses of art. We her juniors gained by her loss—not that she ever thought it such—for she made her pretty house in the Victoria Road the assembling spot for us all whenever we liked to assemble there.

And we liked to assemble there very often indeed. Her little drawing-room was a snug spot to linger in, let the weather be what it would—a soft rose-tinted room, with bass-reliefs from the Parthenon friezes covering one side-wall, and luxuriously shaped chairs and lounges disposed so that you could study the antique in comfort; flowers in abundance always, and a full provision of books and serials and newspapers, of admissions to picture-galleries, and programmes of concerts, and bills of new plays, and studies from the last and loveliest thing in models.

I remember one afternoon well when several of the most prominent members of *La belle Alliance*, as we called ourselves in the height of our foolish, bright enthusiasm, were gathered together in this room. Kate Arden and her two friends, Laura and Mimi Drayton; Flora Byng, the sculptress; Ellen Hayes, or "Stella," as we called her among ourselves, the novelist; and Miss Gwynne, the musical composer and eminent contralto.

Kate Arden was the most admired, most believed in, most sought after of us all. She had no specialty save that of being beautiful as yet; and, perhaps for this very reason, believing, as we did, that she could do any thing if she tried, we looked forward to her most hopefully. She was the sister of a prosperous writer on sensible and severe topics, who had long ago shaken himself free of the harmless Bohemianism in which we were all steeped. And she had hair of a golden hue, and was adored by every young artist who had ever come in contact with her.

One of these was making a study of her finely planted head as she sat on a tiger-skin in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room this afternoon. His name was Denis Daly, and he was rapidly making that name known by the cartoons he contributed to a rising periodical. He was very young, not above two-and-twenty, and he had a gloriously beautiful dark oval face, and he was the idol of us all in those days. Clever and bright, gay and full of love. Gifted, in fact, with one of those glittering yet deep Irish natures that inform the melodies of Moore, and the eloquence of Burke and Grattan.

His career had only just commenced, and it was a very successful one already. Some short time before, he had come to London without money, without friends, without a prospect of remunerative employment. But there was a magic in his pencil which charmed the public; and now Denis Daly was a popular pet, and was unspoiled by his popularity. He had the power of winning men as well as women to him. Even as he sat there, lavishing compliments on the lovely outlines of the head he was copying, Charles Selwyn (or "Carlo," as he was called familiarly), his rival in the favor of Miss Arden, could not hate him. As Denis Daly was always celebrating her in his cartoons, under various names, so Carlo was constantly immortalizing her in song and story. She was the theme of his prettiest verses, the heroine of his most thrilling romances in two chapters; the object for whom he seemed bent on ruining himself in stephanotis and pale gray gloves; the reward for which he was honestly ready to rack his brain to pieces, if need be.

It was very difficult at that time to discover which of these who were fighting so frankly for her favor had won it. She maintained a strict neutrality, and was chary of her words on the subject of either, even to her bosom friends. When too hardly pressed for an opinion about either, she would avow with decision that she adored them both; that Denis was a dear, and Carlo a darling; and that they were both perfectly welcome to continue their present system of worship for herself, free from all interference from mutual friends.

Two of these mutual friends were beauties too, but not beauties after the artist heart, as was Kate Arden. One of them, Mimi Drayton, a fair, dreamy-eyed girl, played in a way that we all thought promised well for Arabella Goddard's overthrow. She loved her piano as Denis Daly loved his art, and Carlo loved his verses, and Stella loved her stories of love and crime and folly and society.

Stella was the active agent, the leading spirit, the organizer-in-chief of these frequent gatherings. Known—and known, on the whole, not unfavorably—to the public while still a girl, petted by her friends, spoiled by her family, living a life that was as bright on the surface as a fairy queen's, she was the one of the group for whom the future seemed to have the brightest things in store. I knew her better than I knew any of the others. If in painting a portrait that many will recognize I idealize a little, I must be forgiven for old friendship's sake.

She was that queer contradiction, a woman with an earnest, fixed purpose, who yet can take life easily and brightly. In these early days, just after the excitement of her first success, she worked as hard and unceasingly as if she had never made it. She was an anomaly even in that anomalous society—a writer always ready with a book to be published, or to write an article or review—a girl always ready to give a dance or go to one—an Amazon whose whole heart and interest seemed to be centred in the horse she was riding—a woman rarely free from a wearing anxiety.

The *personnel* of a woman can not be put upon paper easily. Stella will be pronounced unworthy of the prominent position she occupied in that *clique* whose characteristics I am portraying. She was attractive enough and good-looking enough to be called charming and pretty by those who liked her. But to the great majority she must have appeared just a moderate-looking, graceful-mannered girl; nothing more.

Brunette, very decidedly brunette for an Englishwoman, yet with none of the languor of the South about her. That languor might be hers possibly in after-years, and the possession of it would improve her considerably. But at the time of which I write she was as full of perpetual motion, of quick resolve and quicker action, as any thing not American could be.

Brunette, of the middle height and size, slim, and subtile in manner, yet with not a trace of the taint of slyness in that subtilty. Small-featured, dark-complexioned, with a look of race about her points. When I have said that she was and had these things, I have said all that need be said as to her personal appearance.

There was a good deal of happy aggressive assurance in her manner at this epoch. She had made her mark in the world of letters, and whether that mark was large or small, it distinguished her enviably. She had her accepted position, and her regular pursuits, and her big object—greater success—to fall back upon in all her troubles. And the knowledge that she had these made her rather antipathetic to the motiveless many who moved about her, and intolerant to all such as did not admit her claims.

By her side on this special April afternoon, when I introduce them to you first, stood two men who had made their marks, too, in literature, but in such ways as did not clash with hers. A special correspondent of a flourishing "daily," and a blooming celebrity in the person of a burlesque-writer. Both of them sufficiently well known and reputed already to make their openly expressed expectations of future fortune and further fame perfectly reasonable. Buoyant-natured men, who made the most of those circumstances which threw them into the best society one hour, and into the bar of a tavern the next, to write about it (the society).

A little nearer to the light than the corner in which Stella had enthroned herself, Miss Gwynne, the clever musical composer aforesaid, sat at the piano, and half hummed, half sang a song, the words of which Stella had written, called "Other Days", and I stood by her side, and envied Stella the distinction such singing of her words gave her.

I was ambitious in those days of following in Stella's footsteps, but she seemed so far above me then that I had only the hope of successfully emulating her in my dreams. She had got me placed—that is to say, she had got short stories of mine accepted in one or two second-rate magazines. So I believed in her—in her present excellence, and the realization of her future high aspirations—more heartily than any of the others.

What was I? I will introduce myself last—when I have brought one of the most typical of our band to the fore. A Mr. Warren—a romantic realist, if ever there was one in this world, who wrote prose poetry of a splendid order by the yard whenever he was pushed, and understood the classics better than he understood himself, I used sometimes to fancy; a clever, brilliant man, of exceptional cultivation and genius, a gentleman of good birth, a man of letters, whose high position in letters was widely recognized, and yet, by some strange chance, a member for a time of our glittering, hollow confraternity.

He was older than any of the rest, and his coming among us was the work of accident, not design. Stella had been the agent in this case, as she was, indeed, in most cases of new introductions. She had met him at an outside party, and had set herself the congenial task of winning as much notice and as warm a regard as it was in her to win and him to give. How she succeeded was best known to herself. At any rate, he had thought it worth while to follow her into her own familiar places, and for a while he was regarded as an interloper by her older friends.

Now for myself. I would fain describe myself simply as I have described the rest. But, in telling of these things, I am animated far more by Stella's spirit than I am by my own. She would have described me thus: "Miss Owen—a brown monkey, who thinks she will write as well as I do some day. I know you think that impossible, Mr. Warren, regarding me as the excellent and unexcelled thing I am. Still Miss Owen is not so utterly despicable as you think every one else after me." This Stella would say before me; but I have reason to believe that behind my back her words were warm and commendatory, as only friendship justified them in being.

Why were we assembled in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room on this half-tearful, half-smiling April afternoon? I really don't know, unless it was that we took great pleasure in each others' society, and so sought it with a motive, or without a motive, whenever the opportunity occurred. By way of excuse for having got us there, Mrs. Meredith was showing us her great picture of "Rosa Bonheur in her Studio," which we all knew by heart already; and, by way of excuse for having come at her impromptu bidding, we were all taking a great verbal interest in where it "ought to have been hung," if only she had finished it in time for this year's Academy.

Miss Stella was the only preoccupied and rather selfishly absorbed one among us this day.

"You people who paint live in the clouds as far as every thing else is concerned," she said, when "Other Days" had come to an end, and we were all gathered around the easel on which "Rosa Bonheur" was stretched.

"And you people who write expect the rest of the world to be constantly agape about what you have written—different forms of the same creditable aspiring art-mind; that is all, dear," Mrs. Meredith said.

"After all, with such dramatic power as Miss Stella undoubtedly possesses—we all agree that she does possess it"—(Mr. Lacy, the aspirant for honors in burlesque paused for an answer—we all agreed that she *did* possess them—and then he went on)—"the real wonder of the age is that she doesn't learn 'business,' and write for the stage."

"Nobody would act as I intended. People never do in real life," Stella said, laughing.

"We all do as you wish us to do, as far as you favor us by making your wishes known," Mr. Warren said, pointedly. "Take me, for example: I have given up making classical puns and whisky punch at your behest."

"And I have really tried to do something better than make pretty bonnets, and wear them out at the Zoo on Sundays, Stella," Kate Arden cried.

"And I have humiliated myself before a music-publisher in the vain endeavor to get him to publish something higher than the tweedledum-and-tweedledee prettinesses that sell so largely, on your recommendation," Miss Gwynne chimed in. "Ungrateful creature, to say you can't get people to act as you wish them to act, when both Mr. Warren and Mr. Lacy are acting as if they were in love with you, and we all know you wish—"

"Hush!" Kate Arden said, coming to the rescue, with her grand air and cool tones; "we none of us know what Stella wishes, that's the beauty of it—of her, I mean. What were we talking about before Miss Gwynne made honorable mention of Mr. Warren and Mr. Lacy?"

"I will tell you what Stella wishes just now," Stella herself said, eagerly. "We are all going to immortalize ourselves in our several ways, of course; but now, while we are young and happy and fond of each other and insignificant, let us immortalize ourselves in concert."

"I will gladly go into partnership with you, but I don't care to increase the firm," Mr. Warren said, slowly.

"Let us start a magazine, and keep it up by ourselves, unaided by any one else," Charles Selwyn suggested.

"Let us make Stella the editress," Denis Daly struck in.

"And you do the frontispiece for it, Daly," Mr. Lacy said.

"We must talk over the title first," Brand—the man who had been war-correspondent for a 'daily"—interrupted.

"We won't have the name of a place or of a firm, will we?" Stella pleaded. "Let us have something peculiar to ourselves."

"'Unfit for Publication,' would take no end," Mr. Lacy said; and then Denis Daly sat down to sketch out the outline of a pictured back for the embryo magazine.

"This is my idea—look here!" he said, drawing away as fast as he could. "Something quite peculiar to ourselves—the editress, accompanied by all the contributors and the one subscriber, on her way to Bedlam."

"We ought to meet at least once a week, to talk over the contents," Mr. Selwyn said.

"We might as well make out a programme of the entertainment to-night," Mr. Lacy added.

"Mrs. Meredith, may we stay a little longer," Stella asked, imploringly, of our hostess; and our hostess said, "Yes, if we could put up with the remains of last night's supper" (I forgot to say that we had all been at a party at her house the previous night), "instead of a proper dinner."

"Chicken and lobster salad and Hungarian wines are good enough for me," Stella said, and we all chorused our satisfaction at staying.

"Let us rejoice in its being spring and not autumn, because we can have oysters, and needn't go out of town," Mr. Brand said.

"Let us rejoice more especially over the latter fact," Stella said. "London, dear London! I suppose some people live out of it, though. There are savage tribes who exist all the year round out of reach of Piccadilly, I have heard."

"For my own part, I am more sympathetic with life in the 'Modern Athens,' than with London life; the Bohéan of my day would have shone you down," Mr. Warren said.

"So you say, because it's over," Stella said. "Why, Denis Daly will make Tenniel look to his laurels, and—"

"As for you," Mr. Lacy interrupted, "several of your fellow-novelists

"'may grovel
In an ocean of absurdity and an atmosphere of crime;
'Tis for you to contradict them, and you'll do it in a novel,
Which the critics will declare to be—'"

"A step from the sublime," Stella interrupted, laughing. "I know they will; but there's one thing the critics can't do, and while they can't do that one thing I can suffer and be strong under their chastisings."

"What's the one thing?"

"They can't banish me from London; if, for my bad grammar, they could send me into the country to become subjective, I should soon go where Denis Daly is sending me in his frontispiece."

"A good wholesome course of the study of butter-cups and daisies would do you good," Mr. Brand said.

"So another of my friends said," Stella retorted; "either that or starvation in an uncomfortably furnished garret was the medicine he proposed for the cure of my compositions."

"The study of butter-cups and daisies, under certain conditions, wouldn't be bad," Charles Selwyn said.

"When you make your grand success—which, of course, will be with your next book—take a house at Richmond, Stella," Kate Arden said.

"Too far—altogether too far. I think every thing ought to take place in Piccadilly, and every one ought to live in one or other of the adjoining streets."

"Put your theory into practice as soon as possible, Miss Hayes. You know your mother would go and live on the top of the Monument, if you said you liked the situation."

"I'd rather live on the top of it than be compelled to live an hour's drive from it," Stella said.

"Now I can understand that sort of love of place, if Paris were the place loved," Kate Arden said.

"And I can understand it if it were expressed about the borders of the blue Mediterranean," Mr. Warren put in.

"And I think we can all understand it about London," Mr. Brand exclaimed; "for my own part, I honestly confess that at least half the income for which I am working so hard goes in Hansoms; I can walk in any other city in the world, but I can't walk in London."

"And you don't like walking any where, Teddy; so the inability is no drawback," Mr. Lacy said.

"Don't you think Kate and Mr. Selwyn are going on very favorably?" Mimi Drayton whispered to Miss Hayes.

"I hope not," that young lady replied, energetically; "we ought to resemble heaven in that respect; there should be no talk of marrying and giving in marriage among us—at any rate, there should be no talk of it for some years. 'The world is full of folly and sin;' we needn't go and add to it yet a while."

"Stella is talking as if she didn't know we all know that she would marry to-morrow if she could insure having a riding-horse and a carriage kept for her," Miss Gwynne said, laughing. "Will you all come to me and discuss her charms on Thursday evening?"

"Yes," we all chorused; "and you won't let any one sing to us or play to us, will you?" Stella added. "Human beings should be occasionally forced to rely on their own conversational powers—taught, for instance, to stand erect on two legs, and talk to their fellow-creatures without looking awkward."

"You may talk to as many of your fellow-creatures as you can get to listen to you, Stella."

"And as I beneficently desire to give you something to talk about, Miss Hayes, let me offer you a box at the Prince of Wales's for to-morrow night to see my new burlesque," Mr. Lacy said; and Stella accepted his offer with a warmth of pleasure that made her entirely forget two other engagements she had already made for "to-morrow evening."

"You have been going about so much lately, *won't* you be late with the copy for the novel that is announced as ready on the 1st of May?" Mr. Brand said, laughing. And then we all began to make plans for going to the Royal Academy together on the 1st of May, and for eating ices in Grange's afterward.

The 1st of May came—day of high hopes and bitter qualms! and a goodly number of those whom I have been striving to depict drifted to-

gether, in the way we had of drifting together, in the rooms at the Royal Academy. We had come to see the people and each other, not the pictures, on this the first day, so we moved about, or sat still and gossiped with each other, and made no efforts to see how art had progressed since 1865.

"The man who appreciates color to that degree can never go back to drawing on the wood," Denis Daly said, after a long look at a marvelous study in white, by a great colorist of that year.

"Don't you get on to color yet, then; wait till you've illustrated me as you promised the other day," Stella said.

"I think working together in the way we contemplate is sure to be successful," Denis Daly said. "You see author and artist will consult each other. I shall not be in danger of illustrating some other meaning than yours."

"The serial will run for eighteen months, won't it?" Mr. Lacy asked. "During that time, at least, the flock is safe to fly together, for we all have an interest in each of you."

"And after that time," Stella said, "there is great pleasure in the thought that we must play our parts on the same stage. We are bound to follow out our 'respective careers in London. Where else can we go to succeed—to live, even?"

"We needn't ask where, because we would none of us try it if we were told. Look at the eminent author of 'Clogging his Wheels;' don't you wish you knew how he did the trick with that book, Miss Hayes?"

"Miss Hayes wins by honors," Mr. Warren said, lounging up to the group.

"He will forget presently that Stella is a lady, and will congratulate her on being a scholar and a gentleman," a casual acquaintance of Mr. Lacy's remarked.

"You're wrong there," that gentleman replied. "There are two things that Warren never forgets—himself and the presence of a lady."

Those bright, happy days—bright in spite of many clouds, happy in spite of many disappointments! Well-watched, well-applauded work must always be a delightful thing to the young. In the case of artists "the labor they delight in physics pain," undoubtedly.

That guild was a very pleasant one. It was one of intense, keen sympathy, and unselfish good-will. We read and repeated all that was kindly said about each other. We prognosticated brilliant successes for each other. We would have worked and sacrificed for each other, had need been; and as there was no need for us to work and sacrifice for each other, we made merry together, and said kind things about each other's probable destinies. On the whole, we were kinder for our brightness, and brighter for our kindness toward each other; and if our lives were rather feverish, and our customs fitful, there was nothing unhealthy about either.

It was a very sunshiny period; and it passed.

It is not two years since we met and talked as though we were to go on meeting in the same way for the next ten years—and now we are all scattered. Denis Daly, the best liked of them all, the one who had made his mark the earliest in life and worn his laurels the most modestly, is beyond us all now, far above even what we had prognosticated for him—buried in the Norwood Cemetery. And nearly all the rest of the little band that declared itself to be like heaven, in that "in it there was no marrying or giving in marriage," are "wedded wives" and husbands now.

The destinies of all are rather different to what was then imagined for them. Kate Arden and Charles Selwyn have thrown in their lots together, and she fulfills the onerous duties of wife as well as she did those of admired beauty. Stella has married a clergyman, whose flock feeds in a sequestered spot far out of reach of the sound of the roar of Piccadilly.

As for myself! Well, I find it hard sometimes to realize that

"Some are married, some are dead."

TALKING-MACHINES.

A DISTINCTION between the honest and the deceptive in these contrivances deserves to be noted. There have been some so-called talking and singing machines in which the talking and singing really came from human lips, under such circumstances as led the audience to believe that mechanism produced the sounds. We know very little about Roger Bacon's speaking head; but there is reason to believe that, if the machine were ever produced at all, the sounds emitted came from human lips. A famous exhibition, called the Invisible Girl, was a deception in which much ingenuity was displayed. In this machine there was a girl or lady concerned, who did the talking and singing, and who was invisible to the audience; the deception consisted in leading the visitors to suppose that she was in a small globe suspended in mid-air. There were four upright posts, united at top by four horizontal rails, like the frame-work of a table. Bent wires, springing up from the posts, converged to an ornamental centre; and from these wires was suspended a hollow copper ball, with four trumpet-mouths on four sides. This was all the visitors saw. Any person wishing to propose a question, spoke it into one of the trumpet-mouths; and presently afterward an appropriate answer came from all the four mouths. The voice was so soft that it seemed to come from a very young and diminutive being indeed—a fairy, an invisible girl. French and Italian were spoken by the voice as well as English; witty and lively remarks were made, as well as questions answered; and songs were beautifully sung in silvery tones. It was admitted on all hands to be an attractive exhibition; and as there were means of verifying the fact that the globe touched nothing whatever, except four ribbons by which it was suspended, the surprise felt was great. The facts of the case were these: One of the posts was hollow, as were two of the rails; and there were openings in the rails just opposite two of the trumpet-mouths. In an adjoining room was a lady seated at a piano-forte; a very small opening in the partition between the two rooms enabled her to see what was going on; while a concealed tube was carried from a point near the level of her ear to the hollow part of the machine, beneath the floor. Sounds, as we know, travel very easily through tubes; and thus the questioning, the answering, the singing, and the piano-forte playing, were transferred from room to room. When a spectator asked a question, speaking at one of the trumpet-mouths, the sound was reflected from the trumpet back to the opening in the horizontal rail, which opening was neither seen nor suspected by the audience; it went down the rail, under the floor, and into the adjoining apartment, where the lady heard it; and the sounds in the opposite direction were similarly conveyed. The sound became so altered in character and intensity by this process of transmission as really to seem to come from the ball; and when an answer was given to a question expressed in a whisper, the impression was very strong that the answer really came from the ball.

But the more interesting contrivances are those in which the sounds are really produced by a mechanism of pipes, bellows, keys, vibrating reeds, etc. Musical instruments have in some cases been played with surprising success by such means, involving the expenditure of an almost incredible amount of time, patience, and ingenuity in devising the requisite arrangements. Vaucanson's flute-player was a wonderful example of this kind. It was a life-size figure, dressed in the ordinary fashion of his day (about 1730), and standing on a pedestal, both figure and pedestal being full of delicate machinery, essential to the working of the machine. When wound up with a key, the figure played real music on a real flute. Air was projected from the mouth to the embouchure or mouth-hole of the flute; and the force of the current was varied to suit the loudness or softness of different passages, as well as the different pitch of their octaves, the opening between the lips being varied to assist in producing the desired effects. The fingers, made of some elastic material, stopped the holes in the proper order for producing the several notes. The machine was constructed to play a certain number of tunes, beyond which its powers did not extend. Soon afterward the same clever mechanician produced his automaton flageolet-player. The flageolet had only three holes; and so diverse was the intensity of wind required to produce all the notes of a tune, with such limited means, that the pressure varied from one ounce for the lowest note up to fifty-six pounds for the highest. Another of his productions was his automaton pipe and tambour player; the figure of a shepherd, standing on a pedestal, played nearly twenty minuets and country-dances on a shepherd's pipe held in the left hand, at the same time playing on a tambour (a kind of hybrid between a tambourine and a small drum) with a stick held in the right hand. Maelzel's automaton trumpeter, exhibited about sixty years ago, was quite a triumph of ingenuity. A figure, dressed in the uniform of a trumpeter of Austrian dragoons, when wound up by a key, played the Austrian Cavalry March, and a march and allegro by Weigl, on a trumpet, and was accompanied by an orchestra, the sounds of the trumpet being admirably produced. Then, his dress being changed to that of a French trumpeter of the Guard, the figure played the French Cavalry March, all the signals, a march by Dussek, and an allegro by Pleyel. When we consider the numerous modifications of pressure with which the lips of a trumpeter touch the small end of the trumpet, the production of such results by machinery is certainly surprising. Soon after Maelzel's time Maillardet produced an automaton piano-forte player. The figure of a lady, seated at a piano-forte, played no less than eighteen tunes, keeping on for an hour when once wound up; the machinery was laid open at intervals in such a way as to show that it was really mechanism that played. The white keys or natural notes were pressed with the fingers in the usual way, but the flats and sharps were produced by pressing on pedals with the feet. The inventor succeeded in making this lady more graceful in her attitude and movements than is generally the case with automata. Somewhere about 1820 there was an exhibition of two automaton flute-players in London; the two figures played eighteen duets, which must have required a vast amount of interior mechanism.

Wolfgang von Kempelen, inventor of the far-famed automaton chess-player, constructed a talking figure which cost him a large amount of thought, time, and inventive ingenuity. First he made experiments with tubes and vibrating reeds, which enabled him to imitate the sound of the Continental "a," like our "ah;" then, with a tube and a hollow oval box hinged like the jaws, he produced the sounds of "a," "o," "ou," and an imperfect "e;" then he succeeded with the consonants "p," "m," and "l," and afterward a few others; but there were some consonants or sounds which he never succeeded in imitating. Having combined the results of his researches, he constructed a head, which contained the requisite wind-tubes and vibrating reeds, and a bust provided with some kind of bellows. Thus armed, his automaton could pronounce the words "opera," "astronomy," "Constantinople," "vous êtes mon amie," "je vous aime de tout mon cœur," "Leopoldus secundus," and "Romanum imperator semper Augustus." These words were spoken when the machine was wound up, without any player being required to press upon keys and pedals. Tubes to imitate nostrils produced "m" and "n;" a funnel and a reed changed "s" into "z," "sch," and "j;" and there were various pieces of mechanism to imitate more or less successfully the movements and action of mouth, lips, teeth, tongue, palate, glottis, lungs, etc. Altogether, it was what the chess-player was not—really an automaton.

Professor Willis and Sir Charles Wheatstone some years ago devoted a good deal of attention to this matter; not, of course, for any exhibition purposes, but to analyze the production of vocal sounds in a scientific way. Sir Charles showed the results of his experiments at one of the meetings of the British Association. Professor Willis separated all the sounds, whether letters or exclamations, emitted in speaking, into three groups, which he called mutes, sonants, and narisonants. Doctor Rush, of Philadelphia, preferred a classification into tonic monothongs, tonic diphthongs, subtonics, and aspirations. Willis, leaving consonants untried, made experiments in the mode of producing vowel sounds by mechanism. With an air chest, vibrating reeds, and cavities and tubes of different kinds, he produced a great variety of sounds. One curious result of his experiments was, that with the same apparatus, drawn out gradually in length, he could produce in succession all the vowel sounds which are heard in such English words as "see," "pet," "pay," "past," "pan," "caught," "no," "but," "book," "boot;" we find, in effect, that the lips protrude more and more as this series advances; and this supplies a noteworthy confirmation of the views held on this matter by the experimenter.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY day the most shocking reports reach us concerning the atrocities practiced in this fierce European struggle. Now it is the Prussians, who ruthlessly murder the helpless inhabitants of some defenseless village and deliberately fire their dwellings; again it is the French, who show barbaric ferocity toward wounded prisoners, and recklessly assassinate every one they fancy a spy. From both sides come similar details of hideous deeds from which our thoughts turn shudderingly away. Whether these details are exactly correct in special cases it is impossible to know; nor would the correctness of them necessarily prove the Prussians or the French to be more barbarous in their warfare than other nations called civilized have been. The truth is that all war is demoralizing, and leads naturally to wanton atrocities and unrestrained crime. Wherever war rages there also rage the worst and vilest human passions—not in the hearts of *all* engaged in the strife, but in the hearts of multitudes, whose better feelings are smothered by hardships, unnatural excitements, and the constant sight of carnage and bloodshed. And not only *during* war do extraordinary cruelties and crimes prevail, but there comes an after-tide of reckless deeds equally fearful. Ever since our civil war a marked disregard of human life and all rights of person and property has been apparent among certain classes. Who can begin to estimate the long train of evils consequent upon this French and Prussian conflict?

The peculiar power of recollecting faces possessed by Superintendent Jourdan, and his knowledge of physiognomy, were valuable to him in his detective business. Once coming in contact with an old confidence operator, Jourdan looked at him a moment, and said, "Your name is ——?" The man said, "Yes." "I have not seen you for twelve years; where have you been to?" The man replied, "I was in the State prison for five years, and was in California until a week ago." "You know how to leave the city," said Jourdan; "if you are in town to-morrow night you will travel to Sing Sing on the lightning express." The man left the city the following day.

Many trite sayings have been uttered about October, as well as concerning all the other months. How much credit is to be given them is a matter of speculation. If there is not more truth than poetry in the following, not much reliance can be placed upon the sayings:

"October warm with certain speed
Makes February cold indeed."

"If there is in October much frost and wind,
January and February both mild you'll find;
But when in the autumn the weather is clear,
The cold wind full soon will appear."

"Much rain in October, much wind in December."

"October thunder-storms plainly say,
Changeable weather winter will stay."

"Do not let October flies
Lead you to expect warm skies."

"In October the thunder, though sounding drear,
Than that of February is better to hear."

There is an enormous traffic carried on between the two shores of the Bosphorus, and the delay caused by the opening and shutting of the bridges of boats, which form the only means of communication, is very troublesome. Tunneling by the ordinary method is not to be thought of, as the water is extremely deep, with twenty or thirty feet of mud at the bottom. Engineers of the nineteenth century, however, are not to be lightly baffled, and Mr. Haddon, chief engineer to the Turkish government, has suggested a means of solving the problem. He proposes to suspend or float a tunnel at about 35 feet below the surface of the water, allowing uninterrupted passage to vessels of the largest tonnage. The tunnel is to be a wrought-iron tube about 10 feet in diameter and 1200 feet long. It would weigh about 600 tons; maximum weight of any train 400 tons; concrete and lining, to overcome the buoyancy of the tube, 1700 tons; water displacement, 2700 tons. Chains of great strength will neutralize the upward strain when the train is not passing.

Since the opening of the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital, in October, 1869, 4720 patients have received treatment.

Soon after the organization of the American Board, in 1810, by the General Association of Congregationalists in Massachusetts, the Presbyterians were invited to join its mission work. They labored harmoniously together until the separation of the Old and New School in 1837. After that the New School Presbyterians alone joined in labor with the Congregationalists. Since the recent great Presbyterian reunion, merging Old and New School in the same organization, the latter have felt it expedient to withdraw from the American Board, not from any dissatisfaction, but simply because the Presbyterian Mission Board, in their judgment, specially claims their services. At the meeting of the American Board in Brooklyn this matter was fully discussed, and the separation effected with friendly reluctance to parting, but with the most cordial good-humor and honorable generosity.

All contributions to the German Sanitary Fund are transported free of expense by the Austrian railroads.

"The Holy War of 1870," is the title of a volume which is being issued by a German publisher.

When Minister Washburne was compelled to abandon his residence, situated on the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, he moved into a house in the rear of the Madeleine. He abandoned all his furniture and valuables—according to report—including a fine portrait of President Grant.

A charge of 2000 francs is made by the balloon company for conveying a passenger out of Paris.

A new mitrailleuse has been tested in the presence of a special committee at Vincennes. It is worked by steam, and capable of projecting balls during twenty or thirty hours consecutively without becoming heated. A machine of two-horse power is sufficient for an implement of twenty barrels. The range is about the same as the Chassepot. The inventor has offered to make 200 of them in eight days.

The harvest in Germany this year has been gathered largely by German women, assisted by men too old or too young to join the army.

When the Italian army invaded Rome, the Papal troops were ordered, in case they should be repulsed, to concentrate around the Vatican. And when the hour for capitulation had evidently come, Pope Pius was standing in the great red hall of the Vatican, surrounded by his special friends, among whom was Cardinal Antonelli. During the five hours of the conflict his Holiness did not betray unusual emotion. In appearance he was calm, and even gay. He walked up and down the hall, occasionally stopping at one of the windows to look on the scene without. Occasionally he knelt and prayed. Once he suddenly started from his knees, and asked anxiously whether there was any danger of shells falling on the Vatican. Count Di Carpegna was ushered into the presence of the Pope to inform him that, in General Kanzler's opinion, resistance was no longer possible. The Pope looked at Cardinal Antonelli, and, after a few minutes' silence, said: "Your Eminence was right; it can not be helped. I have been abandoned by Catholic Europe, and I must yield. Never mind. My glorious predecessor, Pius VI., and myself were once forced by the revolution to leave this palace, but we both returned. Revolutionary Italy and her revolutionary King surround me and the Œcumenical Council with their bayonets. I must yield." Turning then to Count Di Carpegna, he said: "Go and tell General Kanzler to capitulate; make haste."

Not long ago a Russian bishop visited this city. He had been appointed Bishop of Alaska, with authority over all the Greek churches in the United States. Services will soon be held in this city by a clergyman of the Greek Church. The bishop will be permanently settled in Alaska. There is a Greek chapel in New Orleans, in which city is quite a large population of Russian Greeks and Moldavians from the Danubian provinces. In San Francisco there is about the same number of believers, and also a chapel, while in Alaska the dominant faith is that of the Russian empire.

Not long ago a case of goods was sent from Milwaukee to this city, addressed to Mlle. Bousson, a member of the French Subscription Committee in aid of the wounded of the French armies. A letter accompanied the donation, announcing that the donor would himself arrive here in a few days. Subsequently he came—a patriotic old Frenchman, M. Claude by name, who for many years has resided in this country. At the age of sixteen he was wounded at the battle of Waterloo. His family are now in Metz, and he has been a comrade of Bazaine. Still full of enthusiasm, he has sailed to devote his last strength to the defense of his country.

Some singular cases come to the knowledge of surgeons in the German military hospitals. One man was struck by a ball, which lodged in the internal arch between the skull and the brain. He is well in health, can eat, drink, and sleep well, but can not move about, as, if he does, he feels the ball rolling in his head.

Jenny Lind is singing in London in aid of the fund for the sick and wounded of the armies.

Madame Seebach has offered to assist at a matinée to be given in aid of the fair under the auspices of the German Ladies' Association for assisting the sufferers by the war.

A French National Bazar is to be opened the latter part of this month in aid of the French wounded. Great sympathy is manifested on all sides for those who have been wounded by the chances of war, or who are enduring hunger and privation in consequence of this desolating scourge.

From Cassel it is announced that the Emperor Napoleon desires to exchange Wilhelmshöhe for the palace of Bellevue at Cassel. He feels himself inconvenienced by the cold and the wind prevailing at Wilhelmshöhe, owing to its elevated situation.

From the diamond fields of South Africa come brilliant stories of abundance of valuable stones being found, which are a fortune to the fortunate discoverers. The fields seem immense and inexhaustible. Parties arriving there sign the miners' laws, and are allowed to choose a certain portion of land for themselves. The diamonds are bright even in their rough state, and easily distinguished from other bright stones.

A company is being organized whose efforts will be to make ice next summer more abundant, and consequently cheaper, than it has been during the past season. Land has already been purchased on the Hudson a few miles above Catskill, and an ice-house is being built which will hold 60,000 tons of ice, and this is to be ready so that the work of storing can commence by the 25th of December.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

This city is on the Alabama River, and, from its central position, was first selected by the Southern people as the capital of the seceded States. It is a place of considerable importance in the cotton trade, large amounts being shipped down the river to Mobile.

The Capitol building occupies a commanding site, and is conspicuous from the surrounding country. The streets are wide and dusty, suggestive of the least interesting portions of Washington. High banks rise on both sides of the river, cut into picturesque gullies, or stretching like a wall for miles, adown which the cotton bales are pitched to the steamers below, as well as the cord-wood required to feed the furnaces.

FRENCH PROVINCIAL SOLDIERS IN PARIS.

The Garde National Mobile of France is composed of those young men who, from the year 1867, have escaped from military service, either through having drawn a lucky number in the conscription, or through insufficiency of height, being the only son of a widow, or some other exemption, and of those who, drawing an unlucky number, were rich enough to pay for a substitute. They are termed "Moblots," and the duration of their term of service is five years. But few exceptions, and, except for special reasons, no substitutes are allowed. One member of a family, however, may replace another, always providing that the *remplaçant* is not more than forty years old.

The Parisian Moblots were the first called out in the present war, and a large camp was accordingly allotted to them at Chalons. Finding, however, that camp life was not so comfortable and easy as they had at first supposed, the Moblots began to murmur, and were therefore transferred to the camp of St. Maur, almost under the walls of their beloved capital. Here they calmed down a little, but, on the approach of the Prussians, were removed into Paris itself.

The provincial Moblot is a far different being from his Parisian brother. Unused to the luxuries and enervating amusements of the capital, he is much more suited to endure hardships, and far less disposed to grumble at them. Accustomed, also, to respect his curé, and to regard his maire as infallible, he does not possess that turbulent and irreconcilable spirit so unfortunately characteristic of the Parisian populace, and thus is, as a rule, respectful and obedient to his superiors. Besides, in many cases, the excitement of visiting and residing in Paris, and of seeing and examining those wonders of which he has heard so much from his soldier cousin, and of which he has read such stirring descriptions in the *Petit Journal*, has overcome his disgust at leaving his native province, even if his patriotism and determination to expel the invader had not already been sufficient to check any such discontented thoughts.

The behavior of the Garde Mobile in the recent skirmishes round Paris has been admirable; and this carries out another of General Trochu's pet theories, so ably set forth in his "L'Armée Française," namely, the non-superiority of veteran over young soldiers. In a skirmish at Villejuif on September 19, the Mobiles were reported to have "fought most bravely, with the steadiness of old troops," while the Zouaves—those boasted heroes of the French army—ran away almost at the commencement of the affair. Indeed, the Moblots are now as much relied on as they were formerly laughed at, and certainly the readiness and aptitude with which they have learned the several military exercises are simply marvelous.

The illustration on page 692 represents a detachment of provincial Moblots having taken possession of, and fairly established themselves in, a shop in the Rue Lafayette, which, as it bore the now superfluous inscription of "Boutique à Louer," was immediately appropriated as a convenient residence for the time being. There they are making themselves at home, and enjoying themselves while they can, with the genuine soldier's philosophy. Some are eating at a table improvised out of the counter, another is being shaved by a good-natured comrade, others are reposing outside, while the sentry on duty looks amusingly conscious of the important trust confided to him.

GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 690.]

GENERAL TROCHU AND THE NATIONAL GUARD.

The review of the Parisian National Guard, held by General Trochu a few days before the final closing of the gates of Paris, may well be reckoned as one of the most remarkable and stirring spectacles on record. For the first time for twenty years Paris appeared openly and powerfully armed.

The review was hardly a review in the strict sense of the term, for there was no manœuvring, and not even a march past, the whole affair partaking much more of the nature of a demonstration. The troops drawn up in line extended from the Place de la Bastile, through the Boulevards to the Place de la Concorde, and the battalions which arrived late were stationed down the side streets. The variety, and in many cases the insufficiency, displayed in the equipment of this army of some two or three hundred thousand men, plainly showed with what patriotic haste the government had armed them. There were but very few old regiments, and the new were easily distinguishable by the determined air with which they manipulated their weapons. Many regiments, however, were entirely composed of workmen, who, having formerly served in the army, were perfectly acquainted with all the drill and the routine of military manœuvres. Some were armed with the old muzzle-loader, others with transformed carbines furnished with the sword-bayonet, others with the *tabatière*, and a select few with the Chassepot. All, however, were armed, but few had uniforms, many wearing only the *képi*, and some not even that.

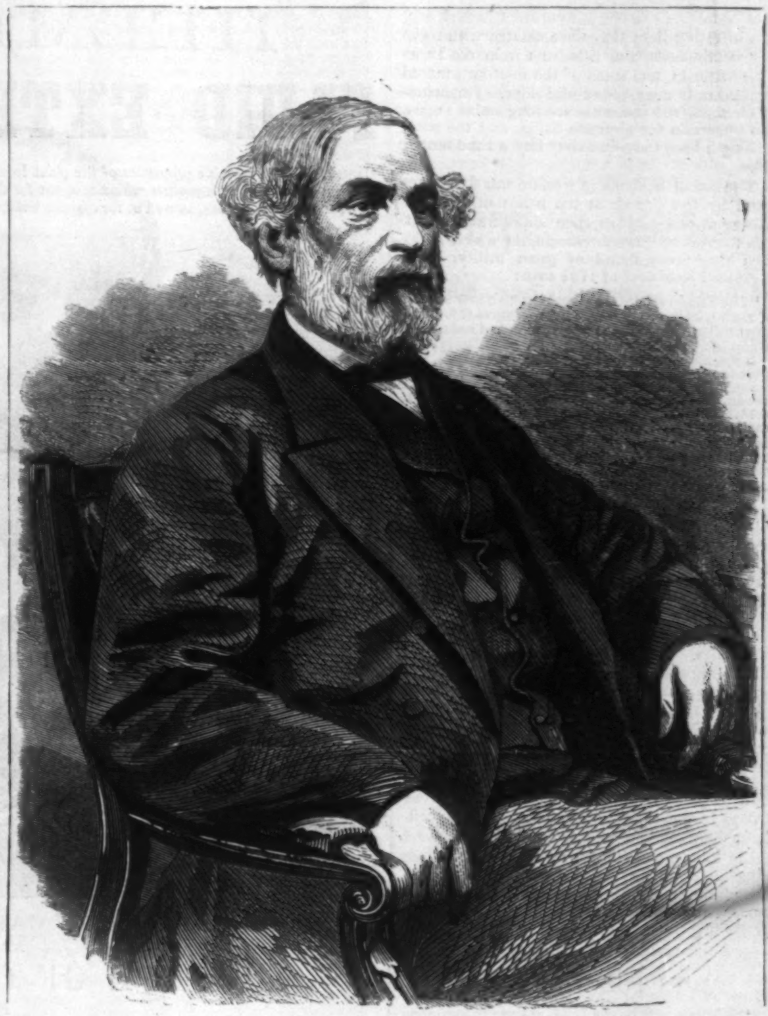
About noon, General Trochu, mounted, and in field costume, followed by a small staff, and M. Tamisier, the new Commander of the National Guard, arrived at the Place de la Bastile. He was received with great enthusiasm, and loud were the shouts of "Vive Trochu," intermingled, of course, with "Vive la République," as he passed up the line, acknowledging with his *képi* the thousands of salutes that welcomed him—the usual mode of saluting, by-the-by, being a hat whirled round on the top of a bayonet. Many of the muzzles, however, were ornamented with large bouquets, giving a strange variety to the scene.

Another peculiar characteristic of this review was the almost total absence of spectators—there were none to look on. All the available population of Paris was in arms. Behind the ranks there were a few women and children, and from one or two of the neighboring houses handkerchiefs might be seen fluttering. Some ladies, it is true, threw down from their windows bouquets tied up with tricolored ribbon as the General passed, but this was all. The "ride past" over, the troops dispersed to their several quarters, many to take their station on the ramparts, where sentinels had already been posted.

How different was this inspection of uniformed, undisciplined, and all but unarmed troops to one of the old reviews in the Champ de Mars, when Napoleon III., attended by a brilliant staff, of whom but few now remain, would put his favorite Zouaves or Cent Gardes through their paces in the sight of thousands of admiring Parisians! And now! It seems hardly credible that this was but three months ago.

APPROACH TO MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—[Drawn by A. R. Waud.]

THE LATE SUPERINTENDENT JOURDAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.]



THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.—[SEE PAGE 691.]

THE LATE JOHN JOURDAN.

THE death of Superintendent JOURDAN, whose portrait we give on this page, deprived New York of the services of an efficient and thoroughly honest man, who, as manager of the Police Department, held one of the most important places of trust in the municipality. The story of his official life is too well known to be retold here; and it is sufficient praise to say of him that he enjoyed the confidence of all parties, and was sincerely hated and feared by the criminal classes.

FULTON MARKET OYSTER STANDS.

OUR sketch represents lunch hour at one of the Fulton Market oyster stands. A large proportion of the guests are ladies, who have acquired an appetite in the arduous pursuit of shopping.

BALLOONS IN WARFARE.

ON our first page this week we give a representation of the departure of M. GAMBETTA and two American gentlemen from Paris, in balloons, of which we gave a brief account in our

OYSTER STANDS IN FULTON MARKET.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.]

last Number. As the adventurers passed over the investing lines they were saluted with rockets, bomb-shells, and rifle-balls from the Prussian batteries, and some of the missiles whizzed unpleasantly near their aerial ships. Fortunately for them, the range was too long and the mark too uncertain for accurate firing, and the wind at length bore them in safety beyond the hostile lines.

The use of balloons in warfare was first practiced by the French at the battle of Fleurus, during the siege of Mayence, and during that of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on which occasion they were found of great utility. The "Annual Register" of 1794 says:

"The French armies are attended with a new species of reconnoitring engineers, whose business it is to do every thing relative to the preparation and use of balloons. The person who mounts in the balloon is furnished with paper and pencils of different colors. The marks to be made are agreed on beforehand, and the paper, after being marked, is attached to a small rod like an arrow, one end of which is loaded and pointed, so that it strikes in the ground and stands upright. A small piece of colored silk is attached to the other end like a flag, to render it more visible. This is dropped from the balloon on ground that is in possession of the army to which the balloon belongs, and thus the information obtained is fully communicated."

After the expulsion of the Austrians from Liege, in 1794, by General Jourdan, they retired to a strong situation at some distance, where they threw up intrenchments, intending to wait for reinforcements. Before, however, these could arrive, they were attacked by the French on the 18th of September of that year, and forced to retire after a great slaughter on both sides. The success of the French was attributed in great measure to the discovery of the position and movements of the Austrians made by two engineers whom the French sent up in an air-balloon. From this balloon the engineers perceived whatever was being done in the Austrian camp, and gave continual notice of all they saw by notes which they threw down among their own people. By these means the number of troops in the camp, the quantity of their artillery, their motions and probable designs, were made known to the French, who directed their attacks accordingly against the weakest parts, assaulting these with the largest bodies of their troops, and with greater confidence from the probability of success.

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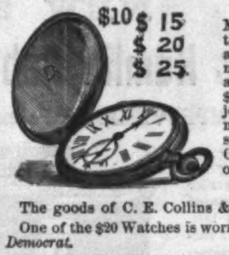

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